THE BOOKMAN

A Journal of Literature and Life

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CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Manuscripts submitted to THE BOOKMAN *should be addressed to "The Editors of* THE BOOKMAN." *Manuscripts sent to either of the Editors personally are liable to be mislaid or lost.*

To the "Critic."

We raise our couched and levelled lance in courteous salutation to the *Critic* for the good temper of its reply to our remarks about "sitting up late nights." The *Critic* says that the adverbial use of "nights" in such a phrase as this is obsolete, and therefore inadvisable. The usage was all right at the time when the King James Version was made, but now it is an archaism. In arguing thus, it will be seen that the *Critic* has wholly shifted the ground of its contention. It began by asserting that to employ the substantival adverb of indefinite frequency is a violation of syntax, a breach of "grammatic purity." It now condemns the usage merely as an archaism. We are not willing to admit even so much as this; but as the *Critic* tacitly gives up its first position, we shall not pursue the subject any farther. To tell the truth, we have no mind for wrangling with our contemporary at the present moment, as we desire to congratulate it very heartily upon the completion of its twentieth year, and upon the very admirable anniversary number which it has published in celebration of that felicitous event. We wish it for the future all success; and may its rounded decades never know decadence. Let it joust with us whenever it desires to do so; and after the blows have all been given and received, let it ever be assured of our sincere and undisturbed good will.

Professor Cohn.

Professor Adolphe Cohn, whose decoration by the French Government we announced last month, and whose portrait is here given, is understood to have in preparation a volume of essays mainly upon literary themes. Professor Cohn has had a most varied and interesting career. Born in Paris in 1851, he received a very thorough training in letters, in philosophy and in law, forming during his student days some life-long friendships with men who afterward attained a world-wide recognition. Among these were Léon Bourgeois, subsequently Premier in the presidency of M. Faure, and Ferdinand Brunetière, who was the close companion of young Cohn at the Lycée Louis le Grand. On the outbreak of the war with Germany M. Cohn left his studies and enlisted in the Garde Mobile, serving throughout the siege of Paris and seeing active service in the field. After the termination of the war he resumed his studies, and, having taken several university degrees, he came to the United States in 1875, where for seven years he gave private instruction, being also connected with the editorial staff of the *Messager Franco-Américain* in New York, and acting as New York correspondent of Gambetta's organ, *La République Française,* until after that statesman's death. He also wrote for the *Temps* from 1886 to 1895. From 1882

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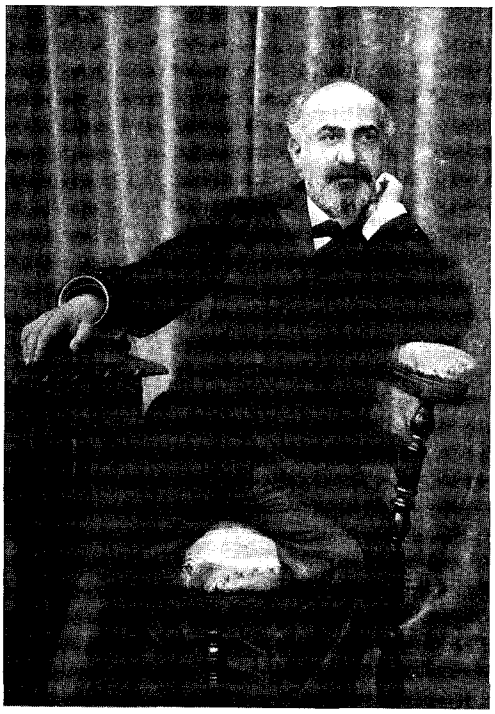

PROFESSOR ADOLPHE COHN.

to 1884 he was instructor in French at Columbia University, then Assistant Professor of French at Harvard, and finally Professor of the Romance Languages and Literatures at Columbia, which office he has held since 1891.

Professor Cohn has a most interesting personality. His mind is singularly alert, his memory is extraordinary, his versatility remarkable. Speaking and writing perfectly idiomatic English, he is a delightful companion, *raconteur* and controversialist. With a hatred for shams, his mind goes directly to the fundamental truth of every subject that he touches; and though he has all the tact of a diplomat, he is also, on occasion, frank to a degree. He is fond of argument, and as in conversation he often talks in epigrams, so, too, he sometimes argues in them. Indeed, on those rare occasions when he is, perhaps, not wholly in the right, and finds that he is fighting for a losing cause, he sometimes resorts to so brilliant a display of verbal pyrotechnics as to make the casual listener think that he is celebrating a victory instead of covering a retreat. Altogether he is an unusual combination of scholar and man of the world; and he unites also a patriotic devotion to the land of his nativity with a sincere and ardent love for the other republic where he has made his home, and of which he has been for many years a citizen.

Ignatius Donnelly.

The late Ignatius Donnelly was a superlative example of a crank. Most cranks exhibit their peculiar mental twist in some one particular sphere, but Donnelly was a crank all through—in his politics, in his books and in his personal opinions. He was widely read, but utterly devoid of training, he was absolutely lacking in a sense of humour, and he had a preternatural fondness for anything that was "queer." His book, *Atlantis,* was the first production of his to attract any general attention, and it was a perfect illustration of his deficiency in scholarship and in that critical feeling which enables the trained mind to differentiate between sources of information that are trustworthy and those that are wholly worthless. The book is full of second-hand and second-rate erudition, and its conclusions are without the slightest value. His Baconian theory, set forth in bulky volumes, led to a vast amount of discussion, and furnished the newspaper wits with an unfailing source of fun; but it was taken seriously only by those who, like himself, preferred the *outré* and the improbable to the natural and reasonable. It is no credit to us as a people that after his first book on the "great cryptogram" appeared, there were enough readers left to encourage him to keep on writing and publishing still more preposterous drivel on the same ridiculous theme. As for his cipher theory—why, if we had time, we could invent a cipher which would prove conclusively that Rudyard Kipling's poems were really written by J. Gordon Coogler.

A memorial which has been subscribed for by friends and disciples of the late John Ruskin was unveiled recently at Friar's Crag, Keswick, says the *London Illustrated News.* The monument consists of a simple monolithic block of Borrowdale stone, rough and unhewn as it

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came from the quarry. It is of the type of the standing stones of Galloway, which are the earliest Christian monuments of the Celtic people now extant. On one side is incised a simple Chi-Rho, enclosed in a circle after the fashion of these earliest crosses. On the other side of the monolith, facing Derwentwater and the scene which Ruskin once described "as one of three most beautiful scenes in Europe," is a medallion in bronze, the work of Signor Lucchesi, representing Ruskin as he was in his prime, in the early seventies.

Stage Versions of Mrs. Atherton's Novels.

After considerable hesitation, Mrs. Atherton has consented to undertake the dramatisation of two of her novels. The suggestion came originally from Miss Nethersole during the latter's recent engagement in New York. It was first proposed that Mrs. Atherton should dramatise *Senator North,* in order to give Miss Nethersole the rôle of Betty Madison. This, however, Mrs. Atherton declined to attempt, notwithstanding Miss Nethersole's offer of such assistance in the work as she was fitted to give from her practical knowledge of stagecraft. In the author's opinion, *Senator North,* because of its introspective, analytical character, was, of all her books, the one least fitted for dramatic presentation. Miss Nethersole finally acquiesced in this view, and it was ultimately agreed, several weeks ago, that *A Daughter of the Vine* should be dramatised instead. Since that time Miss Nethersole has been preparing a scenario, while Mrs. Atherton is engaged in rewriting the dialogue. By the terms of the contract the play must be produced in New York not later than January of next year. Meanwhile, Miss Nethersole has succeeded in inducing Mrs. Atherton to consider the writing of a second play to be based on *Senator North.* This, however, will be practically a new work, in which Miss Nethersole will not share.

Mrs. Atherton's "Life of Hamilton."

One reason for Mrs. Atherton's reluctance to undertake the work upon which she is now engaged was an approaching opportunity of carrying out a long-cherished purpose of writing the life of Alexander Hamilton. There are signs of a considerable revival of interest in Hamilton at the present time. Mrs. Atherton has received very cordial encouragement by many Hamiltonian enthusiasts, by the Hamiltonian Society, and by the Hamilton family. The family have placed at her disposal letters and private documents which have never before been accessible. With a great many absolutely fresh data Mrs. Atherton will sail some time during the present month for the Danish West Indies. She will go first to the island of Nevis, where Hamilton was born, to endeavour to

THE RUSKIN MEMORIAL AT KESWICK.

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clear away, if possible, the mystery of his birth. From Nevis she will go to St. Croix, where Hamilton's youth was passed, and to St. Vincent and St. Christopher (St. Kitts). The preparation of this Life will be Mrs. Atherton's first ambitious enterprise outside of fiction. She believes, however, that the writing of fiction should be an admirable training for biographical work, thinking that the same art which gives reality to fictitious characters will enable one to picture more vividly an actual personage, and to show the way in which the vital should be accentuated and the trivial subordinated.

Winston Churchill's Next Novel.

Mr. Winston Churchill's next book is to be called *The Crisis*. It deals with American history in the years preceding and leading up to the War of Secession, and it is in a remote way a sort of sequel to *Richard Carvel*, inasmuch as the heroine, Virginia Carvel, is the great-granddaughter of the Richard of Colonial times. A branch of the Carvel family, like many other branches of tidewater families, had emigrated westward over the Blue Ridge Mountains into Kentucky, where they stayed for a few generations, and thence made their way to St. Louis. The hero of the

MRS. ATHERTON. FROM HER LATEST PHOTOGRAPH.

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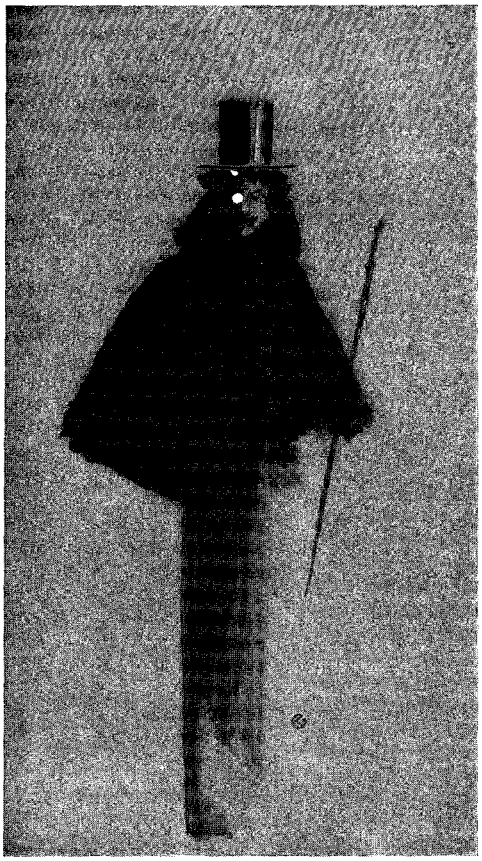
book is a young New Englander, a lawyer, who has gone to St. Louis to make his fortune. The actual play of the story is between the antagonistic elements of the North and the South, typified in the hero and the heroine. *The Crisis* is to be illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy.

Henry K. Webster and Samuel Merwin, who write under the name of Merwin-Webster, have completed a novel entitled *Calumet "K."* As in *The Short-Line War,* their first book, they have found the inspiration of the story and its action in the problems and struggles of practical, American, every-day life. Calumet "K" is a two-million-bushel grain elevator that is being built "against time." There are persons that are interested in delaying the work, and who try to "tie up" the lumber two hundred miles away. As in Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith's *Tom Grogan,* there is a good deal said about the method of the labour union and the little personal peculiarities of walking delegates.

We take pleasure in reproducing Mr. Gardner C. Teall's annual Christmas card to THE BOOKMAN. Last year Mr. Teall gave us in his sketch his impression of Sir Henry Irving. This year he has sent us the accompanying sketch of the author of *The Gentle Art of Making Enemies.*



MR. WHISTLER, AS SEEN BY MR. GARDNER C. TEALL.

Dr. Wolfe's Literary Rambles and Pilgrimages.

In *Literary Rambles at Home and Abroad,* Dr. Theodore F. Wolfe has supplemented his three earlier works, *A Literary Pilgrimage, Literary Shrines* and *Literary Haunts and Homes,* with some chapters which are not only interesting in themselves, but which add materially to the lasting value of the series. Five chapters of *Literary Rambles* are devoted to New York and New Jersey, and five more to scenes associated with some of the English and Scottish poets. Dr. Wolfe's books have enjoyed a rare and well-deserved popularity. There is something very genial in the manner in which he approaches his subject. He is thoroughly drenched with its atmosphere. The author himself takes an obvious pleasure in what he is writing. In the preface of *Literary Rambles* Dr. Wolfe calls attention to the fact that while the volume is in itself complete, it, nevertheless, should be appraised in connection with the preceding volumes. A book written upon the subject which Dr. Wolfe has chosen to treat is never quite complete. Every year new authors are coming into prominence, and in consequence there are growing up new literary associations. Dr. Wolfe is so painstaking, he is so anxious to bestow some praise and attention upon even the comparatively unimportant writers of the day, that he has every two or three years the material for a new volume.

Dr. Wolfe was born a little more than fifty years ago in the Central Highland region of New Jersey, where Stockton laid the scenes of his *Great Stone of Sardis.* After completing his education in the Medical Department of Columbia

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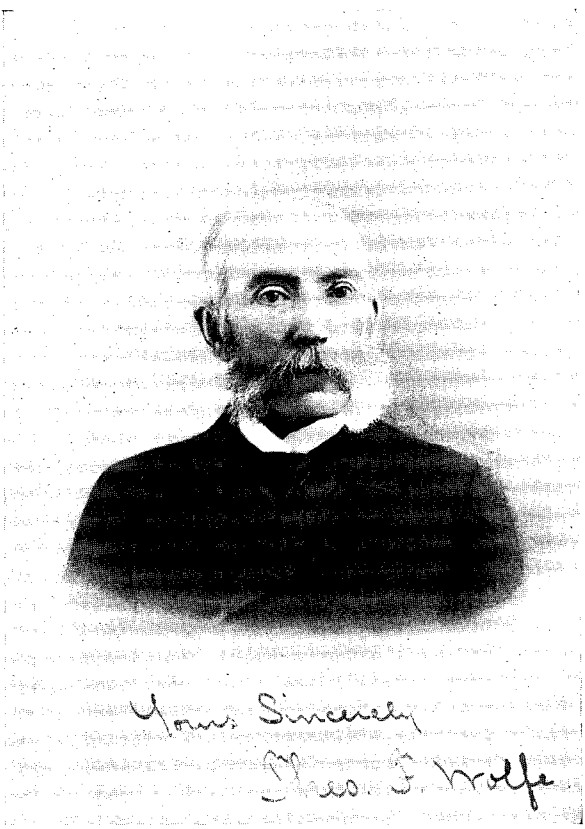
College he practised medicine for several years in Jersey City, and while there wrote many monographs and minor treatises upon professional topics. His health, however, proving unequal to the exactions of a large practice, he relinquished the greater part of his clientèle; and the leisure time thus gained he devoted to scientific study and research, especially in the department of ethnology and allied sciences. The general literary



work upon which Dr. Wolfe's popular reputation now mainly rests was first undertaken as a sort of mental recreation in the intervals between what he deemed more important literary tasks. His love for certain authors led him to devote at first only a small part of his time to trips to the scenes among which they lived and about which they wrote. But the delight of these rambles so grew upon him that they have come in recent years to supplant most of his other interests. Some of the earlier chapters of his books were prepared during a summer spent in Europe, but most of his purely literary work has been done at his home in the historical village of Succasunna, New Jersey.

Mr. Townsend's Forthcoming New York Novel.

The title of Mr. Edward W. Townsend's forthcoming novel, which is to be published by the Messrs. Harpers this month, has been changed from *Incomes* to *Days Like These*. The change was not decided upon until after the plates for the book were all made, and as the title heads every other page, this necessitated the partial recasting of two hundred and twenty-two plates. When, at a late hour, the publishers decided that no amount of paragraphing, nor the original subtitle, "A Novel of To-Day's Morals and Manners," would prevent the impression that *Incomes* was a work on economics, Mr. Townsend was asked to submit a new title. This he did unwillingly, and his second choice was adopted. The new title was suggested by the lines in Tennyson's "Locksley Hall":

> What is that which I should turn to,
> lighting upon *days like these?*
> Every door is barred with gold, and
> opens but to golden keys.

Mr. Townsend's novel deals with manners and morals of the New York of to-day, and, to a considerable degree, as they are affected by the conditions of industry and finance which have made Wall Street affairs more than usually sensational, and politically and socially important, in the past few years. Some recent phases of politics have directed public attention to the intimate association of political, social and financial life in New York; and these phases are used largely in the development of characters and their relation to one another in *Days Like These*. In his experience as a writer on the staff of the *Sun*, Mr. Townsend made a close and a thorough study of the methods of machine politics in this city, and especially of the means whereby the District

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Leader has become the actual and autocratic ruler of New York, and the manner in which he maintains and profits by his rule. This knowledge has enabled Mr. Townsend to draw a type of District Leader and to illuminate him with many strong side lights, with the result that the character will undoubtedly surprise —and possibly even shock—many citizens who have failed to realise the hideous truth in contemplating the sketches and less analytical drawings of the Leader as furnished by the daily press.

Maurice Hewlett's Return to an Old Field.

Mr. Maurice Hewlett's next novel, it is understood, will be entitled *The Tuscan Crown.* The story will deal with Florence at the height of her greatness. The period is one with which Mr. Hewlett has already shown an unusual acquaintance. His first entrance into literature was made through a notable series of Florentine studies. In England these sketches were received with the highest appreciation. We do not think, however, that they have ever been published in this country, though a few volumes have found their way here and have been a source of great delight to the discriminating. In these Florentine studies are to be found all the beauty, charm, the freshness and vigour that animate his more widely known works. In consequence, one may look forward to his return to this early field as a literary event of no small significance.

Mr. Hewlett is connected with the Board of Trade, as is Mr. Austin Dobson, and, therefore, makes literature a *parergon,* though he regards his work of writing with a proper seriousness, as may be seen by his singular manner of composition. In the case of *Richard Yea-and-Nay,* he made a first draft of the book with the utmost care, writing it out as fully and with as much pains as though he had intended to send the copy to the printer. He then destroyed the manuscript entirely, and wrote the thing all over again from the beginning. Twice more he did this, and only when the story had been four times written out was his fastidious sense of form quite satisfied. Mr. Hewlett is a gentleman of retiring disposition. He is not readily induced to speak of his own books, and his air is that of a student, which, indeed, he is.

MAURICE HEWLETT.

We approached Major J. B. Pond's recently published book on *The Eccentricities of Genius* with no very hopeful spirit. We did not doubt that Mr. Pond's experiences with the celebrated persons for whom he has provided audiences had yielded him an abundant store of facts and personal anecdotes; but, somehow or other, we doubted whether these would be set forth in a manner that would do them justice. It is fair to confess that

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in this we have been most agreeably disappointed. Whatever Major Pond has to tell he tells with much effectiveness, and the book is in consequence one of the most readable of its kind that we have ever seen. We merely mention it here in order to say that next month we shall give it the fuller notice which it well deserves.

A Problem Solved.

Taking into account the review published elsewhere of *An Englishwoman's Love-Letters,* and also Mrs. Wharton's delicious parody, which is in itself a searching and sufficient criticism of this much talked-of book, there is no particular reason why we should give it any further notice here. Still, we cannot refrain from taking a hand in the controversy as to what it was that caused the break between the "Englishwoman" and the man to whom her letters were addressed. Why did he give her up and end their beautifully didactic idyll? This question is doing more to give the book a circulation than any amount of ordinary advertising could secure for it, for the general discussion of it goes on interminably both in private conversation and in print. One writer has almost proved that the man gave the "Englishwoman" up because he came to learn that they were both too nearly related for their marriage to be legal. A psychic friend of ours declares that the man was jealous of the "Englishwoman's" foster-brother, with whom she proposes, in Letter XXXV., to go off to Verona "alone for a couple of greedy days." But we have a simpler theory than either of these, and one whose perfect common-sense is so obvious (after we have set it forth) as to be absolutely convincing. The real reason why the man at last gave up the "Englishwoman" was because he couldn't possibly stand any more of her preposterous letters. You have only to read the book to see that this is just as plain as any pikestaff. It simply *must* be so.

Love-Letters.

Personally, we believe the book to be a "fake," suggested by the plot of Mrs. Wharton's *Touchstone,* though, doubtless, there are Englishwomen quite capable of writing letters of this sort. If we were going to invent a book of love-letters, however, we shouldn't ascribe them to an Englishwoman. Love-letters—the real thing—and Englishwomen somehow don't seem to constitute a plausible combination. As a matter of fact, no love-letters that have ever been published since printing was invented are of the slightest value—as love-letters. They may have some literary merit, but they are never really love-letters. They never reach the heights or touch the wonderful depths of feeling that are at times attained in the genuine letters which many women write and which a few men read. The true love-letters of the world can never by any possibility be published, for they are too sacred, too intimate, too indescribably beautiful to be seen by any eyes save those for which they are intended. And they are always women's letters; because in this one thing a woman is supreme—in the spontaneously perfect utterance of what she feels when her whole being has been freely given up. The glorious self-abandonment, the joy of absolute surrender, the final freedom from restraint and shame, the exquisite tenderness, the marvellous passion, the intensity—never in the world can any one utter these as a woman can, with an unerring yet unconscious instinct for the very word, the very phrase, the very last refinement of expression. The letters of a man—of the very subtlest and most sensitive of men—when set beside this unpremeditated revelation of a woman's soul, seem cold and clumsy and inadequate. Here, indeed, is woman quite without an equal or a rival; and were it possible to give such pages to the world, the poets would be left unread and the most consummate art of the romancer would be seen for what it is—a feeble formula for telling just a very little of the mystery and magic that can enter in and make the heart-strings quiver with the transcendent ecstasy of perfect love.

Love-Letters in Stendhal's Life.

As a general rule, not only have the most sacred, and the most intimate letters ever penned by women never been published, but their very existence has remained unsuspected. It is only now and again that a stray fragment, a fugitive page of a letter,

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escapes the general holocaust, to give the world a clue to what it has lost through the discretion of the writers or the pious zeal of some testamentary executor. One of the most curious instances which come to mind is the case of Stendhal, the French writer, the author of *La Chartreuse* and of *L'Amour*. Many legends have sprung up about the love affairs of this "man of energy," many people choosing to see in him the successful Don Juan which it flattered Stendhal's vanity to have the world think him. Others, and among them a no less widely known critic than Sarcey, believed that in all his friendships with women he never crossed the Platonic boundaries, insinuating that he shared the misfortune of one of his own heroes, Olivier, in *Armance*. It needed only a fragment of correspondence to refute this legend, and that fragment has happened to survive. It is one of a collection of two hundred and eighty-two letters written by a woman whose identity has remained a mystery, and whom Stendhal's biographers, in default of anything more satisfactory, content themselves with designating as "Mme. X." The friendship began in 1822, just at the time when the author was putting his final touches to *L'Amour*. It covered a period of more than fourteen years, the period of his most important literary activity, and has doubtless left its stamp upon the pages of *Le Rouge et le Noir*. These letters, which at one time came to him on an average of four a week, and which Stendhal himself never had the courage to destroy, were afterward burned at his request by his executor, Colomb—all but one, which Colomb preserved for the sake of the running commentary with which Stendhal had covered its margin. This surviving fragment is really a very curious document. It is evidently from a woman desperately, even recklessly in love, and written under the stress of great mental anguish. But the curious part of it lies in the annotations. Stendhal has methodically underlined and commented upon every word which can possibly be of any psychological interest. It reads, says his editor, "as though he had gone, scalpel in hand, over all the bare nerves of an open grief." Each detail of suffering is noted and registered, with comments of this sort: "*Ah! tu souffres! Quel beau cri! Comme c'est ça!*" And it is characteristic of the man that he, too, evidently suffers as he comments, and gets a melancholy pleasure out of his own suffering.

This letter, together with some other interesting matter, was published a few years ago in a curious little brochure, *Stendhal Raconté par ses Amis et ses Amies*. The collection containing the letter has since passed into the hands of that enthusiastic Stendhalian M. Casimir Stryienski, who has embodied the brochure in an interesting volume, *Comment a vécu Stendhal*. It contains in addition

STENDHAL.

the text of Stendhal's fourteen last wills and testaments—fourteen wills by a man who never had anything of importance to bequeath except his debts—his contracts with his publishers and many curious details of the pecuniary results of his literary work—details which ought to be comforting to the modern novelist who thinks himself poorly remunerated. Stendhal's total receipts from his writings for upward of twenty-two years, covering the period of his principal literary activity, was something less than $2000—9260 francs, to be exact—and

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from this must still be deducted 3560 francs—the cost of two works of which he bore the expenses of publication. In other words, Stendhal's net income from his pen during the best years of his life averaged barely fifteen cents per day.

Grace Denio Litchfield.

One of the women writers of to-day who is doing excellent work is Miss Grace Denio Litchfield, whose recent novel, *The Moving Finger Writes,* is reviewed elsewhere in the present number of THE BOOKMAN. Miss Litchfield is a New York woman by birth. Much of her early life was spent in repeated trips abroad. At one time she remained for six consecutive years in Europe, and since her return has made her home in Washington. She was in the great earthquake on the Riviera in 1887, when the wall of her room fell on her bed, miraculously leaving her uninjured. In consequence, her account of the earthquake in *In the Crucible* was written from actual experience. In addition to her recent novel, Miss Litchfield has written *Only an Incident, The Knight of the Black Forest, Criss-Cross, A Hard-Won Victory, Little Venice,* a volume of short stories, *Mimosa Leaves,* a collection of verse, *In the Crucible,* and *Little He and She,* a child's story.

GRACE DENIO LITCHFIELD.

Professor Moses Coit Tyler, who died last month, occupied the chair of American History at Cornell University. He will be longest remembered by his works on the history of American literature covering the colonial and revolutionary periods, and by his *Manual of English Literature,* written in collaboration with Mr. Henry Morley. Dr. Tyler was the master of a finished style, and was personally one of the most attractive and agreeable of men.

Mr. Harmsworth's American Visit.

In the visit of Mr. Alfred C. Harmsworth, the English newspaper promoter, the American journals have found an opportunity to thresh over all the old questions of the methods and merits of English and of American journalism. Mr. Harmsworth was acclaimed rather enthusiastically, not because he was a representative English newspaper proprietor, which, strictly speaking, he is not, but because he represents the new school of English journalism which is being built up upon American ideas. This new school is of comparatively recent origin, but the success of its exponents has been so striking as seriously to threaten the very traditions of the English press. Although Mr. Harmsworth is associated with a great number of publishing enterprises throughout Great Britain, he is very justly known first of all as the proprietor of the *Daily Mail,* a newspaper which during the past year has outstripped in point of circulation all other newspapers that are published in English, and which probably surpasses even *Le Petit Journal,* which for years has found each day

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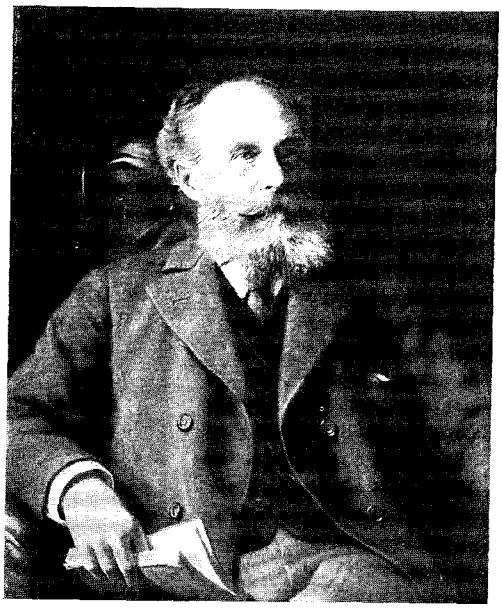

THE LATE MOSES COIT TYLER.

over a million readers. The *Daily Mail* is in many respects a very admirable newspaper. It is especially attractive to one who wishes to glean the news of the world in a short space of time, and it has earned the reputation of being the ideal newspaper for women, and, best of all, there is in its enterprise no yellow tinge.

A feature of Mr. Harmsworth's visit to New York was his experiment in journalism when he took charge of the office of the *World* for one day and gave a practical illustration of his theories. The result was a paper of thirty-two pages each of four columns in width. The change, while radical, was not entirely new. Some years ago there was published in this city a newspaper known as the *Daily Continent*, which was in appearance very like the paper which Mr. Harmsworth gave to the public on the morning of January the first. The *Daily Continent* succumbed after a vain fight for popularity. In speaking afterward of the experiment, Mr. Harmsworth expressed himself as being comparatively well satisfied. He said that he had no doubt whatever that the small-sized sheet would in time dominate journalism all over the world. He believed in the limiting of advertising, and fleered at the venerable belief that "want advertisements" means circulation.

Most of the attention of the American press, however, was devoted to Mr. Harmsworth's theories about the newspaper of the twentieth century. He saw in the future the great daily which would appear simultaneously in various cities all over the country, each edition differing from the others principally in the matter of local news. This idea is in no sense a new one. It is simply practising on a large scale what is now being done on a small scale. The Sunday issues of our New York dailies have their different editions, each devised for the benefit of a certain section of suburban readers. Mr. Harmsworth himself recently founded a branch of the *Daily Mail*, which appears in Manchester simultaneously with the London edition, and, if we remember rightly, for years the *Scotsman* has been published both in Edinburgh and in Glasgow.

The Death of Ludwig Jacobowski.

From Berlin there comes the news of the death of Dr. Ludwig Jacobowski, one of the most promising of the younger school of German poets. Dr. Jacobowski was just thirty-three years of age, and had been for years a busy editorial worker, first as

MR. ALFRED S. HARMSWORTH.

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literary and dramatic critic of Berlin dailies and provincial papers, then a chief editor of several literary periodicals, the last of which, *Die Gessellschaft,* is the chief organ of the modern literary school in Germany. Besides this occupation, which is absorbing enough of itself, Dr. Jacobowski found time to publish several collections of lyric verse, two volumes of short prose sketches, four longer prose works, a play in verse, and a volume of criticism, *The Beginnings of Lyric Poetry.* Innumerable critical articles and translations from the lyric folklore of other languages attest to his

THE LATE LUDWIG JACOBOWSKI.

industry, while during the past year he was the chief factor in the publication of a cheap popular edition of small books of old and newer lyric verse, designed particularly to awaken the interest of those classes who have hitherto had little time and less money for the softening influence of better literature. Despite the undeniable charm of some of his prose work, it is as a lyric poet that Jacobowski's chief claim to future consideration will lie. The distinguishing marks of his verse were beauty and purity of form, simplicity of expression and delicacy of sentiment, while a strain of philosophy raised it from the narrow personal view to the wider impersonal outlook. While in constant contact with the wilder spirits of the "dot and dash" school which for a time ruled supreme among the younger German poets, and ran riot with the rules of form in lyric verse, Jacobowski held true to the simpler forms of rhyme and rhythm, and to the greatest simplicity of language that was compatible with poetic thought. His sense of rhythm was particularly keen, and lends great charm to his simplest verse. Jacobowski was of Jewish descent, and there was a strain of Oriental warmth, of fantasy and love of colour through all his writing, although even its philosophy could not at times blind one to a certain lack of virility. It was this quality that mitigated against the lasting success of his one play, the romantic comedy in verse, *Diyab the Fool,* although the richness of the language and the warmth of Oriental colouring insured for it for a time successful representations in Berlin and elsewhere. At the time of his death, Jacobowski was beginning to be recognised as an editor, as a critic and a poet and as a considerable factor in Berlin literary life. The best known of his works are the verse collections *Sparks, From Night and Dreams, Shining Days;* the novels *Werther the Jew, Anne Marie* and *Loki,* and the above-mentioned play.

The Genesis of Sherlock Holmes.

London *Tit-Bits* recently published its one thousandth number, and as one of the features of the issue its editors induced Dr. Conan Doyle to tell the story of the genesis of Sherlock Holmes. The account as it appears is complete enough, and yet so much has been written in various paragraphs about the character of the great detective, that as information this account serves only to fill in a few gaps here and there. How the original idea was suggested by a professor under whom Dr. Doyle studied at Edinburgh has often been told. It is interesting to note that the author also acknowledges that something of Sherlock Holmes was due to the detective of Edgar Allan Poe's short stories "The Murders of the Rue Morgue" and "The Purloined Letter," because at the very beginning of *A Study in Scarlet* Sherlock Holmes himself fleered contemptuously at the skill and ingenuity of Dupin.

In work which consists in the drawing of detectives there are only one or two qualities

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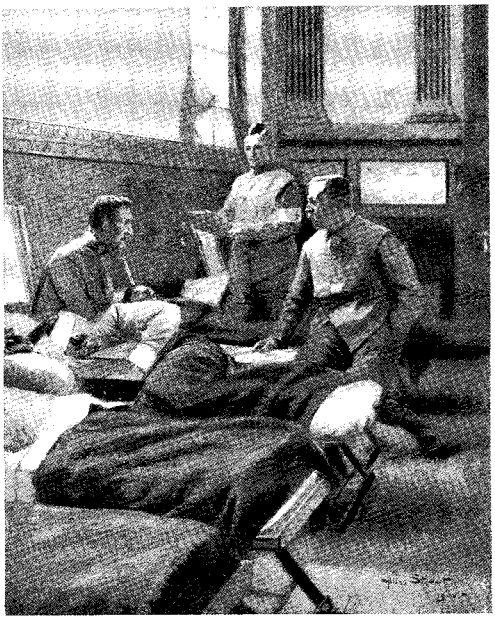
which one can use, and an author is forced to hark back upon them constantly, so that every detective must really resemble every other detective to a greater or less extent. There is no great originality required in devising or constructing such a man, and the only possible originality which one can get into a story about a detective is in giving him original plots and problems to solve, as in his equipment there must be of necessity an alert acuteness of mind to grasp facts and the relation which each of them bears to the other.

After thinking over his detective for some time, and reading many stories of detection, Dr. Doyle began building up a scientific system by which everything might be logically reasoned out. Intellectually, that had been done before by Poe with M. Dupin, but where Holmes differed from Dupin was that he had an immense fund of exact knowledge upon which to draw in consequence of his previous scientific education. He was practical and he was systematic, and his success in the detection of crime was to be the fruit, not of luck, but of his qualities.

"With this idea," says Dr. Doyle, "I wrote a small book on the lines I have indicated, and produced *A Study in Scarlet,* which was made *Beeton's Christmas Annual* in 1887. That was the first appearance of Sherlock; but he did not arrest much attention, and nobody recognised him as being anything in particular. About three years later, however, I was asked to do a small shilling book for *Lippincott's Magazine,* which publishes, as you know, a special story in each number. I didn't know what to write about, and the thought occurred to me, 'Why not try to rig up the same chap again?' I did it, and the result was *The Sign of Four.* Although the criticisms were favourable, I don't think even then Sherlock attracted much attention to his individuality."

The Study in Scarlet and *The Sign of the Four* were speedily followed by the first of the stories which make up *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes,* and the science of deduction became familiar wherever the English language was read. The public demanded new stories from month to month, and Sherlock was continued through the *Memoirs* as well as the *Adventures.*

By the time I had finished those I was absolutely determined it would be bad policy to do any more Holmes stories. I was still a young man and a young novelist, and I have always noticed that the ruin of every novelist who has come up has been effected by driving him into a groove. The public gets what it likes, and, insisting on getting it, makes him go on until he loses his freshness. Then the public turns round and says: "He has only one idea, and can only write one sort of story." The result is that the man is ruined; for, by that time, he has probably himself lost the power of adapting himself to fresh conditions of work. Now, why should a man be driven into a groove and not write about what interests him? When I was interested in Holmes I wrote about Holmes, and it amused me making him get



DR. CONAN DOYLE IN THE SOUTH AFRICAN HOSPITALS.

involved in new conundrums; but when I had written twenty-six stories, each involving the making of a fresh plot, I felt that it was becoming irksome this searching for plots—and if it were getting irksome to me, most certainly, I argued, it must be losing its freshness for others.

When Dr. Doyle had fully made up his mind that the stories must stop he decided that the best way would be to bring the character, as well as the series, to an end. At the time he was in Switzerland

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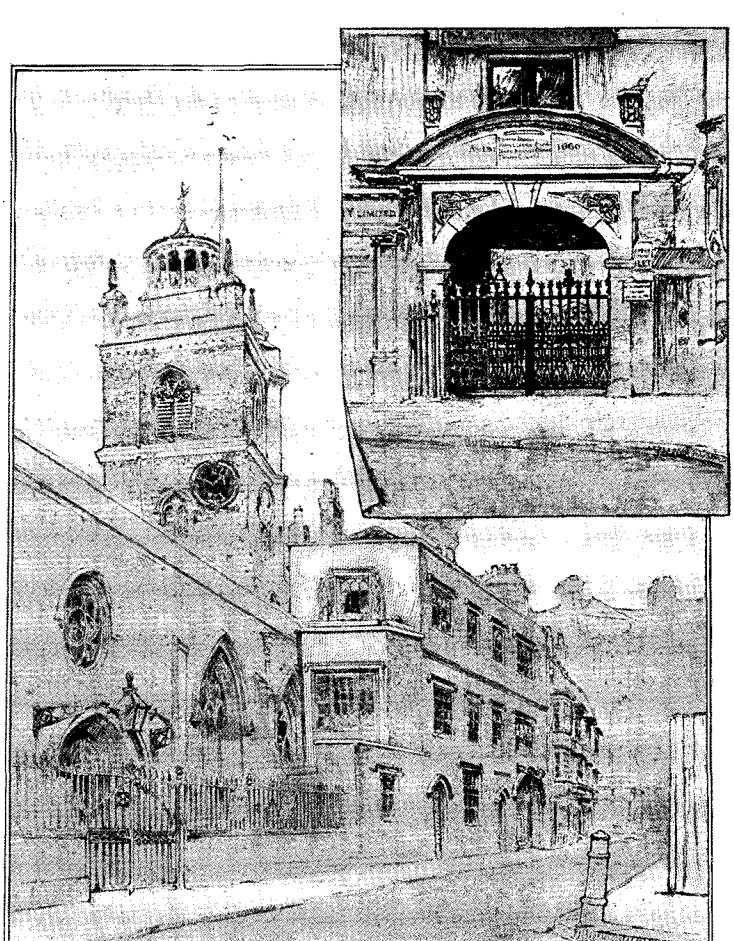
for the purpose of giving a lecture. One day while on a walking tour through the country he came to a waterfall, and immediately saw in it a fine, romantic place for a man who wanted to meet a spectacular kind of death. The killing of Holmes aroused considerable amusing indignation, and the author tells of a letter on the subject from a lady which began, "You beast."

From that day to this I have never for an instant regretted the course I took in killing Sherlock. That does not say, however, that because he is dead I should not write about him again if I wanted to, for there is no limit to the number of papers he left behind or the reminiscences in the brain of his biographer.

The paragraph last quoted, with the suggestion of a reincarnation of Sherlock Holmes, is of particular significance and has been pounced upon eagerly by a good many English papers. With very few exceptions, these papers express the opinion that the reappearance of Holmes would be a grievous mistake; that it would utterly fail of its former popularity and tend very much to weaken the character as a whole. Be that as it may, it is obvious that Dr. Doyle would not have ventured the suggestion had he been entirely sure of his literary prosperity for some years to come. But it was inevitable that a man of so much variety and fecundity should in time come to the end of his spontaneous invention and be obliged to think of old tricks and of old characters. The question of the wisdom of resuscitating Sherlock Holmes is one to be decided by Dr. Doyle



CRIPPLEGATE CHURCH, THE BURIAL-PLACE OF MILTON, ABOUT TO BE DEMOLISHED.
Built in 1090 by Alfune, Proctor of St. Bartholomew's; almost entirely rebuilt, 1392; survived the Great Fire, 1666; and was threatened in the fire of 1897.

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himself. If Holmes is to be taken up again simply to arouse a little additional interest for some ignoble potboiler, then we devoutly hope that he may be allowed to rest in peace. If, however, Dr. Doyle has any more real stories to tell about the science of deduction, then we think that he cannot begin too soon.

❧

There is no field of fiction that is so seldom properly cultivated as that of the detective story, and that despite of the fact that it offers to the writer wide reputation and financial success. It seems as if one must have a certain gift that is vouchsafed to but very few, and that no study of the contrivances and furniture will ever make up for the lack of this gift. Think of the thousands of tales of detection which have been printed during the last fifty years, and then think of the few which have been really worth the while, which have meant anything when they appeared or have remained any length of time in the memory. There are in fiction only three great detectives: Edgar Allan Poe's Dupin, Gaboriau's M. Lecocq and Sherlock Holmes. No other detectives stand out as strong individual types, and of these Dupin is a purely intellectual being, a mere cloak for certain ideas and ingenuities of his creator. All sorts and conditions of men and women who write have tried their hands at the making of detectives, and almost all of them have failed. Take, for instance, Anna Katherine Green, who, in her line, has scored a considerable success by the writing of detective stories. In her earlier and better books she showed a decided cleverness, she builded them scientifically, which is to say that she began at the solution and then worked backward, supplying countless bypaths and hazards. She possessed a strong sense of the dramatic, and yet with all this she was utterly unable to give any considerable personality to her Mr. Gryce.

❧

A Question for Authors.

There are probably several Dante Societies in London, but the one from whose secretary we received some time ago a letter must be the swellest of them all. From the beautifully printed statement which accompanied the letter, we learn that among its officers, patrons and active members are an Ambassador, a Countess, a Viscount and several Barons, besides some knights and other minor people of that sort. It appears, too, that this Dante Society has a library for its members' use; and the secretary wrote to us to ask whether we wouldn't present their library with copies of such books as we had written, about which, by the way, she said some things that must be true because they were so very nice. Now, as we are known for our *naïveté*, our first thought on getting this letter was that we had received a marked and gratifying compliment, and our first impulse was to ship off the books by the very next Cunard steamer. There was something which appealed to our imagination in the mental picture that arose before us of the scene in the chaste and elegant library of the Dante Society in London, after the arrival of the American post—the Countess feverishly cutting the leaves of our book of poems with a hairpin (for countesses are women), the Viscount burying his nose in a volume of our essays, the Barons contending with high-bred but earnest importunity for the other volume, and the knights and other minor people of that sort sitting around disconsolately waiting for their turn. It was a pleasing picture—very. Then came Nemesis with a disquieting thought. Was it really such a compliment, after all? For, as a matter of fact, there are certain booksellers in London who possess copies of our valuable works, and who, for a sufficient and absurdly small amount of British coin, would supply the Dante Society with them, and be grateful, too. If the Countess and the Viscount and all those Barons and knights were very keen about the matter, would they not procure the books in the usual way, and not waste time and patience in getting the secretary of the Dante Society to ask us to bestow the volumes on them as a favour? If we wanted a coronet as a light and well-ventilated sort of head-gear to wear next summer when we are shooting squirrels, we shouldn't think of asking the Countess to send us one of hers—not even a last year's model. Do these people get all their books for nothing? Or do they buy the ones they really want to read, and

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then get the empty spaces on their shelves filled up with other books secured by importuning authors? Well, they will hardly fill any spaces in that way at our expense; for the longer we think of it, the less the whole thing seems to bear any likeness to a compliment and the more it looks like gloriously unconscious cheek. We don't mean to reflect upon the Countess in saying this, for somehow or other we have idealised the Countess; but as to the Viscount and those Barons and the rest of the outfit, there is no excuse, and they must either buy the books themselves or borrow them or go without them. It seems a pity; for there are things in the books that would do them good, and we have never written a single line that would lead even a Baron to go wrong; but in spite of our natural regret we must uphold the reasonable doctrine that so long as furniture and coals and cabs and houses are not to be had gratuitously, for just so long must books be paid for, too.

Concerning Certain Literary Platitudes.

Mr. Richard Le Gallienne, in his recent book about Mr. Rudyard Kipling, invented two or three appellations for that gentleman which were not lacking in cleverness of a certain sort. For instance, he called him at one time the Chatterton of India, and seemed himself rather elated by the term. However, nothing that Mr. Le Gallienne invented was strong enough to stick, and reviewers wishing to find a convenient synonym for "Mr. Kipling" are obliged to confine themselves to the conventional "the author of *The Jungle Book*" or of *The Plain Tales From the Hills,* or something of that kind. The only appellation which ever clung to Mr. Kipling for any length of time was that of "The Man From Nowhere," a title bestowed upon him when England first began to read the books which had been brought out in India. "The Man From Nowhere" was immensely suggestive, had a fine, sonorous ring, and undoubtedly, had circumstances permitted, it would have remained with Mr. Kipling throughout his literary career. But his fame grew so swiftly and India, through the medium of his stories, became so familiar to all of us, that the phrase speedily lost its significance, and nothing that has subsequently been invented has had any permanent meaning. So, to avoid using more than one "Mr. Kipling" in a sentence a writer is obliged to resort to the afore-mentioned "the author of *The Jungle Book*" or "the creator of Mulvaney." Of course, if one desired to be crushing one might call him "the author of *Stalky & Co.,*" while to refer to him as "Dr. Kipling" would be a real triumph of satire, as giving the feeling that he was in some way associated with a new and invaluable variety of vegetable pills.

There is a dearth of appellations for the literary men of to-day. We have our innumerable "Deans of American literature" and our "genial authors of so and so," but nothing in the way of convenient synonym that is likely to last. "The author of so and so" is a most convenient form, since it allowed a variety that is limited only by the number of books which the author in question has written. Yet, despite this, so much are we creatures of imitation that it is very seldom that we find any advantage taken of this opportunity. The other day a very capable and careful newspaper reviewer of Mr. Howells's latest novel referred to him as "the author of *April Hopes.*" The synonym immediately attracted and riveted attention simply because ninety-nine out of every hundred writers would not have thought of *April Hopes,* but would inevitably have called him the author of *A Modern Instance* or the creator of Silas Lapham. In the same way, Mark Twain is inevitably associated with Huckleberry Finn or Tom Sawyer or *The Innocents Abroad,* and occasionally with the *Jumping Frog of Calaveras County;* Mr. Stockton with *The Lady or the Tiger* and *Rudder Grange;* Bret Harte with John Oakhurst or *The Luck of Roaring Camp,* and almost everybody who has anything to say about Mr. Richard Harding Davis refers to him at some time as the "creator of Van Bibber," though for a while he was mentioned as "the American Dickens." Then, of course, Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman is "the Banker Poet," just as Walt Whitman was the "Good Grey Poet" and Whittier was the "Quaker Bard."

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There are many characterisations of the great men of letters of the past which, although admirable in themselves, have become downright platitude through sheer force of constant repetition. We find writers who have never read a line of the history of Gargantua and Pantagruel glibly and smugly discoursing of "the curé of Meudon." M. Alexandre Dumas, the elder, is always "the good Dumas" or the "great Alexandre," just as the author of *Ivanhoe* is "the good Sir Walter" or "The Wizard of the North." No one who knew London in the fifties and the early sixties, and who ever happened to catch sight of Mr. William Makepeace Thackeray walking down Pall Mall or crossing St. James's Park, fails to make use of that excellent but rather hackneyed phrase about "Thackeray's good grey head." Dickens, on the other hand, seems to have left behind him no very striking characterisation of this kind to be associated with his name, for the pseudonym "Boz" was associated only with the early years of his career. Victor Hugo, at the beginning of his literary career, was known as "the divine child." The phrase for a time was pretty well abused, but of course it very soon lost its significance. The most common term applied to Honoré de Balzac is that of "the creator of the *Comédie Humaine*," although allusions to his having been "a full-blooded son of old Touraine" are becoming yearly more frequent and conventional. Henry Murger was, of course, familiarly known as "the King of Bohemia," and seldom is anything written about Théophile Gautier which does not allude to the gorgeous red waistcoats in which he so delighted to show himself on the Boulevards.

The most familiar of all platitude of this kind deals, of course, with Shakespeare, and the High School essay which does not speak of him as "the Bard of Avon" is rare indeed. When he is not "the Bard of Avon," then he is sure to be "the Swan of Avon," or possibly "the divine William." Brantôme is always "the genial Brantôme," and Froissart is more often than not "the excellent Froissart." Congreve used by his contemporaries to be known as "the great Mr. Congreve," and the appellation has, in a measure, clung to him to this day. "The great Mr. Congreve," however, is not quite familiar enough flatly to be dubbed a platitude. Thackeray, we think it was, who set the fashion of speaking about Laurence Sterne as occupying in his day "the easy chair of Rabelais," and almost every subsequent writer about the author of *The Sentimental Journey* and *Tristram Shandy* manages to lug in some similar allusion; and many people who talk quite familiarly of "the Ettrick Shepherd" will stare if you mention the name of James Hogg.

HERE AND THERE

I.

The Case of Cadet Booz.

The official inquiries which have been made with regard to the hazing two years ago of Cadet Oscar L. Booz at the West Point Military Academy have naturally led to a large amount of discussion in the public press. Some of the newspaper utterances have been high pitched and sentimentally hysterical, demanding the "extirpation" of hazing at West Point, and denouncing all hazing as brutalising and inhuman; while others have treated the whole subject lightly and have made jokes on some of the more ludicrous phases which were brought out in the testimony—the solemn guard-mounting over an opossum, the review of a turtle as it crept up the company street with a lighted candle on its back, the enforced memorising of bombastic newspaper articles, the military burial of a dead rat, and the diet of yellow soap and of Tabasco sauce. No one, however, has got down to the real common sense of the whole matter and set it forth divested alike of cant and humbug and frivolity. That is what we propose to do right here.

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In the first place, the fourth-year class —that is to say, the entering class—at the West Point Academy is always, when taken as a whole, composed of the most unlikely and unpromising material imaginable. To borrow an expressive word from the vernacular, such a class is made up almost entirely of utter "yaps." They are young men who have come from the furthermost parts of the land, from intensely rural districts and from raw little country towns; and their education is usually nothing more than that which is given by a partial course in the public schools. They are raw and green and rude and rough—mere unlicked cubs, filled full of that conceit which is fostered by ignorance of life and by the petty prominence pertaining to local and provincial celebrity. It is the function of the West Point Academy to take this uncouth mob and in four years to make it over into a body of highly trained, efficient, professional soldiers, possessed not only of exact scientific attainments, but of the external polish, the *savoir faire* and the high standards of honour that befit an officer and a gentleman. The task is an appalling one, yet it must be done; and that it has been done successfully in the past the brilliant history of our regular army shows. In the four years assigned to the West Point training this sort of moral miracle actually does take place. The greenhorns and smarties are, as a matter of fact, either hammered into shape or else they are eliminated altogether. The process is a hard one. It is of necessity almost a cruel one. Only those of the toughest mental, moral and physical fibre can go through with it; and every graduating class represents the principle of the survival of the fittest. This is precisely as it ought to be. The nation needs for its service men of whose capacity there can be no possible doubt, and it gets them without any care for those who falter and drop out. Here is no place for sentimentalism, for pity or for any purely personal consideration. The vigorous, the capable, those who are sound in body and in mind, survive; the rest go to the wall. West Point is necessarily a school of rough experience to train men for the discharge of still rougher duties. Its men must needs be brave, they must be truthful, they must have high standards of honour and of honesty, they must learn to accept without a question the stern requirements of discipline, and they must be moulded into what is practically a caste, entirely apart from all the easy-going, careless ways of civil life. For any army that deserves the name must constitute a caste. At the trumpet blast of war, democracy for the time being stands aside, and there is revealed the immutable and everlasting truth that for supreme efficiency the methods of an enlightened despotism are the best.

This transformation of a rabble into a disciplined corps of gentlemen is effected in many ways: first of all, by the exact and rigorous training which the regular course exacts with an inflexible severity, and in the second place, by the perpetuation from class to class of the traditions that instil into the mind of the West Point cadet subordination, obedience, self-control, endurance and repression. The maintenance of these traditions lies far less with the officers of the Academy than with the cadets themselves; and it cannot be denied with any truth that what is called hazing, as it has always existed at West Point, is a necessary means to an absolutely necessary end. Until a raw cadet has had knocked out of him the belief that he is personally of some consequence, the West Point training can do little for him. As soon as this has been knocked out of him, he is ready to enter on the official stage of his military training. Hazing is frequently absurd, it is often rough, it is sometimes, though not often, cruel; yet, on the whole, it serves a useful purpose, and the effect of it is wholesome. The authorities, of course, must officially forbid it, but they do well when they ignore it; for they are perfectly aware from their own experience how thoroughly effective it has always been as the one sure means of licking into shape the raw material that goes to make the professional soldier. Hazing puts a bumptious fellow into his proper place; it takes all the conceit out of him; it makes him tractable and modest; and, therefore, its existence has a thoroughly defensible *raison d'être.*

As for the particular case of Cadet Booz, investigation gives no colour to

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the theory that his death, which happened two full years after he had left West Point, was in any way connected with his hazing. One thing, however, was irrefutably shown. He made no friends in the Academy, he did not, somehow, fit into the environment in which he found himself. Now, young men, however rough and harumscarum they may be, possess always an underlying sense of justice and fair play which is utterly at variance with wanton cruelty and systematic persecution. It is, therefore, always safe to assume that when a student in a college class, or a cadet at the West Point Academy, finds himself without a single friend among his numerous companions, it is because of some defect of temperament or of character. Such seems to have been the case with Cadet Booz; and, therefore, while in civil life he might perhaps have been a useful member of society, it was obvious from the start that in West Point he was absolutely out of place; for in our national Military Academy there is no room for either physical or mental weaklings; but only those can bear its tests who are wholesome, vigorous and manly men.

II.

The Invasion of England.

The fact has not as yet been published, and, indeed, it is probably unknown to more than half a dozen persons in this country, that the plan for the invasion of England, which General Mercier came so near divulging in the French Senate not long ago, was originally elaborated by an American citizen. This individual, although he has resided in this country for a quarter of a century, is a Frenchman by birth and one of the most inveterate of Anglophobes. For many years he devoted his leisure moments to the perfection of a plan whereby England could be successfully invaded from French territory. He twice visited England to study the ground, and at last his plan was thoroughly and (to himself) satisfactorily developed down to the last detail. His opportunity arrived when M. Casimir-Périer entered upon his short-lived presidency. The gentleman of whom we are speaking had been an old college friend of Casimir-Périer, and, therefore, was assured of a favourable reception and a serious consideration for his plan. He took the documents to France and laid them before the President, who in turn transmitted them to the War Office, where they were not only placed on file, but where the ingenuity of the scheme led to its actual adoption for use in cas of an emergency. This is as much as we know about it; but had General Mercier not been shut off just when he was, the whole thing by this time would have been a *secret de Polichinelle.*

That speech of General Mercier's, by the way, afforded a beautiful illustration of the hopelessness of the French when it comes to the understanding of foreign matters. It also shows how often their fondness for the logical method leads them into utterly absurd conclusions. General Mercier had it all down very fine. He had studied history and had discovered that in previous wars, say a century or two ago, English sailors had sometimes mutinied. Therefore, he felt no concern about any little obstacle which might be interposed in the shape of a British squadron; because, you see, the British squadron would not fight. As soon as a French fleet appeared, the British sailors would at once start in and mutiny. Historical precedent proved this conclusively—at least to General Mercier's mind. And this is just where the Anglo-Saxon's lack of logic is about a hundred times more practical than the Frenchman's careful reasoning. The Frenchman will prove beyond question that the English sailors are sure to mutiny. The Anglo-Saxon doesn't care anything about historical precedent, and he hasn't any syllogistic method to prove that his sailors will not revolt on the eve of a great battle. He simply knows they won't. And he is right and the Frenchman is ridiculously wrong.

Some of our newspapers that have been discussing this same question of a possible invasion of England have been just about as wrong-headed as General Mercier. They have marshalled all the instances where England has been invaded, from the time of William the Conqueror down through the days of

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Edward IV. and Henry VII. and William of Orange, and have come to the Mercier-like conclusion that England has really been so often successfully invaded that it stands to reason that any such attempt at the present time must be equally successful. What they leave entirely out of consideration is this: that whenever an invading army has really gained a foothold upon English soil, it has been due to the fact that it could reckon upon the support and sympathy of a large number of Englishmen. Indeed, since the time of William the Conqueror, the only invasions of England that have succeeded are those that have been invited and desired and usually led by Englishmen. Bearing this in mind, it is not remarkable that the English people, in spite of General Mercier and the Franco-American strategist, are just as much convinced as ever that the Battle of Dorking is one which will never in reality be fought except on paper and in fevered Continental imaginations.

H. T. P.

A BALLADE OF NEW CHARACTERS

The reign of old Romance is o'er,
  The pensive heroine is dead;
Grief-ridden spectres walk no more
  In haunted chambers overhead;
The bookworm nowadays is fed
  From fresher fields and pastures new.
Good-by to lovers safely wed—
  Enter, the literary Zoo!

Gone are the lengthy tales of yore
  That to a tragic climax led.
The storied Past has closed its door,
  The villain that pursued has fled
Before the conquering quadruped
  Whose dialogue of bark and mew
Is faithfully interpreted—
  Enter, the literary Zoo!

The puppet man has left the floor,
  And modern authors seek instead
The jungle and the lonely shore
  By characters inhabited
With dauntless mien and fearsome tread.
  —They've caged in covers bright and new
The lion and the thoroughbred—
  Enter, the literary Zoo!

Envoi.

Dame Nature, as thy paths we thread,
  With gratitude we bid adieu
To plot involved and "problem" dread—
  Enter, the literary Zoo!

Jennie Betts Hartswick.

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AN ENGLISHWOMAN'S LOVE-LETTERS*

There is something rather disarming about a book which offers itself under such an alluring title as *An Englishwoman's Love-Letters,* especially when surrounded by an atmosphere of vague mystery. Love-letters—and a woman's love-letters at that—must always be sure of an audience, even when their publication savours of vandalism; for in the whole field of literature there is probably nothing more genuinely and intimately personal than the letters which just a few women possess the art of writing. A man's letters are quite different; it is far harder for a man to write freely and naturally, as he speaks. In his letters, even to his nearest and dearest, there is apt to be a lingering vestige of self-consciousness, a certain pose in the phrasing, a vague suggestion of evening dress and company manners. It is only a woman, and the occasional woman at that, who has the gift of complete self-abandonment upon paper; who can open the flood-gates of her emotions and lay bare her innermost thoughts, infusing into the cold black and white of the written page a charm which is physical as well as psychic, a suggestion of a soft touch and the thrill of low-spoken words that makes such a letter quite literally and truly a human document. That the present volume of letters was intended to be of this sort, is quite obvious; and it does not take any very keenly critical acumen to discern that they miss their purpose by a rather narrow margin. The letters are undoubtedly clever, very clever, indeed, and deserved to attract notice; but it is equally true that the extent of the notice which they already promise to attract is quite out of proportion to their deserts.

The basic idea of these letters is an admirable one, and offers a rare opportunity for an interesting psychological study. The supposed writer of these letters is a young girl, in the first flush of womanhood, happily betrothed to the man in whom her every thought centres and who socially, morally and intellectually seems eminently worthy of her; and all of a sudden, without warning and without any assigned cause, he severs the engagement, declaring that their love has become a crime, although without fault of hers, and bidding her accept his decision blindly and write an answering note of farewell. The editor's "Explanation," which precedes the letters, and which in reality explains nothing at all, says oracularly:

> The story which darkens these pages cannot be more fully indicated while the feelings of some who are still living have to be consulted: nor will the reader find the root of the tragedy explained in the letters themselves. But one thing at least may be said as regards the principal actors—that the memory of neither of them does any blame belong. They were equally the victims of circumstances, which came whole out of the hands of fate and remained, so far as one of the two was concerned, a mystery to the day of her death.

In other words, the reader finds himself confronted with a riddle, where he had expected to find simply and solely a work of art; and it is not surprising if he feels a sense of disillusion. It is this element in the book which, in a measure, cheapens it; one loses sight of its literary quality in one's impatience to pluck out the heart of its mystery; and the volume bids fair to become a popular fad just on this account, like a second edition of the Fifteen Puzzle—a sort of literary Pigs-in-Clover. Each new reader, of course, is eager to air his own pet theory; although if one must take the letters seriously, the only solution yet advanced which seems to fit the case with any degree of logic is that there was a barrier of unacknowledged consanguinity; although just at whose door the sin lay remains an open question. It is quite within the range of possibility, however, that the author had no solution in mind, and is at the present time getting a good deal of quiet amusement out of the many random conjectures which are being advanced.

It is not easy to give even a tentative outline of the plot that lies behind these letters. The opening one is distinctly refreshing—the exuberance of a very young and very happy woman. It is his first letter from her, although by no means the first she has written to him;

*An Englishwoman's Love-Letters. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. $1.50.

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there are many others "lying at love's dead-letter office," never intended for his eyes, for they were written before he had learned to care for her. "To have been in love with you long before you were in love with me," she writes, "nothing can be more serious than that!" And she continues in the same strain:

Now I have confessed! I thought to discover myself all blushes, but my face is cool: you have kissed all my blushes away! Can I ever be ashamed in your eyes now, or grow rosy because of anything *you* think or *I* think? So!—You have robbed me of one of my charms; I am brazen. Can you love me still?

Many of the early letters are full of the petty details of her daily life, and the new interest which has come into them because her thoughts of him run through and colour them all. "What have I been doing?" she writes him one day. "Dear man, I have been dressmaking, and dress when one is in the toils, is but a love-letter writ large."

But oh, to get you interested in the dress I was making to you to-day!—the beautiful flowing opening—not too flowing: the elaborate central composition where the heart of me has to come, and the wind-up of the skirt a long, reluctant tailing-off, full of commas and colons of ribbon to make it seem longer, and insertions everywhere. I dreamed myself in it, retiring through the door after having bidden you good-night, and you watching the long disappearing eloquence of that tail, still saying to you as it vanished, good-by, good-by. I love you so! See me, how slowly I am going!

Well, that is a bit of my dressmaking, a very corporate part of my affection for you; and you are not a bit interested, for I have shown you none of the seamy side; it is that which interests you male creatures, Zolaites, every one of you.

The first rift in the lute, the first premonition of trouble, comes with his mother's long-deferred visit. The letter which gives the details of their meeting opens in this fashion:

You told me, dearest, that I should find your mother formidable. It is true; I did. She is a person very much in the grand pagan style, and I think she meant to crush me. . . . She bristled in, a brave old fighting figure, announcing compulsion in every line, but with all her colours flying. She waited for the door to close, then said, "My son has bidden me come, I suppose it is my duty: he is his own master now."

In many respects this letter is one of the best in the volume. The picture it conjures up of the dauntless old lady anxiously scanning the girl's features, all the while that she insistently questions her as to her tastes, her habits, her mode of life, is distinctly dramatic: "I wondered twice was lunacy her notion, she looked at me so hard," the girl queries; but the reader who has in mind the theory of an unadmitted blood-relationship will see in this close scrutiny a haunting fear that she will see imprinted on the girl's face, in her eyes and mouth and brow, the material evidence of the nightmare secret, or, perhaps, only a desperate suspicion, which has been haunting her. For they are curiously alike, these two lovers, physically and mentally; at least, this impression is allowed to filter through a number of seemingly unimportant passages: "I think you have some Southern blood in you," she writes him one day, adding immediately, "Curious that, with all my fairness, somebody said to me to-day, 'But you are not quite English, are you?'"

For a while we hear little of the mother, getting only an occasional hint that her opposition is uncompromising. Then comes a temporary separation while the girl accompanies her family to Italy, and then the news from her lover that there will be a "truce" until February, when his mother will make plain the reasons of her mysterious aversion to the marriage. Most readers will be apt to agree that the Italian letters are the poorest part of the book; they become distinctly wearisome. The opinions which she expresses with great freedom on all manner of matters artistic are either incongruously mature, coming from a woman of twenty-one, or else they are apt to be uninteresting and even flippant. To cite a single example, she says of Andrea del Sarto, "To me he is only a big mediocrity; there is nothing here to touch his chortling child-Christ in our National Gallery."

As February approaches the tension becomes more and more strained. "You have been writing your letters with

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pressed lips for a month past," she tells him, "and I have been a mere toy-thing, and no helpmate to you at all, at all. Oh, why will she not love me?" And in the very next letter, the blow has fallen. "Come to me!" it begins desperately, "I will not understand a word you have written till you come. Who has been using your hand to strike me like this, and why do you lend it? Oh, if it is she, you do not owe her *that* duty!" Yet he does not come, and she never has an explanation, and after the one heart-broken note of farewell the letters that she continues to write are not sent to him, but merely serve as an outlet for her grief. There is an intense pathos in these utterances of hopeless despair, much that one is tempted to quote, for, taken altogether, these later letters are on a higher plane than the earlier ones. Here are one or two characteristic passages:

You have kept my letters? Do you read them ever, I wonder? and do they tell you differently about me, now that you see me with new eyes? Ah, no, you dare not look at them: they tell too much truth! How can love-letters cease to be the winged things they were when they first came? If you would read them again, you would come back to me. Those little throats of happiness would be too strong for you. And so you lay them in a cruel grave of lavender—"Lavender for forgetfulness" might be another song for Ophelia to sing.

And again:

I lay hands on myself, half doubting, and feel my skeleton pushing to the front: my glass shows it me. Thus, we are all built up: bones are at the foundation of our happiness, and when the happiness wears thin, they show through, the true architects of humanity. . . . It is deadly when a woman's sex, what was once her glory, reveals itself to her in an all-containing loss. I realised myself fully only when I was with you; and now I can't undo it. You gone, I lean against a shadow, and feel myself forever falling, drifting to no end, a Francesca without a Paolo.

Such is the substance of *An Englishwoman's Love-Letters*, which promises to be a much talked-of book for some time to come; yet after finishing and closing the volume, one is inclined to ask quite seriously just what it stands for in contemporary literature. Unquestionably it possesses interest—the interest of a well-written novel, culminating in a cruel tragedy; but it is certainly not a great book nor one of enduring worth. The letters, considered simply as letters and quite apart from the story they tell, are uniformly womanly and tender, with now and then a mild suggestion of the *Sonnets from the Portuguese;* a little cloying, too, at times, a little monotonous in their reiterated professions of devotion to this Englishman, of whom we really are told so little; one feels that it would be a relief if the writer would now and then frown and be perverse and say him nay, just for the sake of variety. Yet they are thoroughly feminine letters, just the sort of letters which a woman, the average woman, might write if she were very much in love. And it is just here that the letters fail to attain their goal. The personality of this particular woman does not appeal to one, beyond the extent to which the victim of such a tragedy must appeal to any one's innate chivalry and sympathy. There is little, if anything, in the volume which shows such special subtlety as to suggest the exceptional woman, the woman whom one would feel it to have been a privilege to know, and whose opinions upon a hundred different questions would have been a source of pleasure and of inspiration. She seems too young, too inexperienced, too limited, too intensely English, perhaps, and in spite of the poetry of an occasional exquisite passage, we have just here and there a glimpse of her which rather spoils the illusion and which refuses to be forgotten. Such, for instance, is the picture of her, sitting up all night by the window to watch an eclipse, and keeping herself awake with a diet of cocoa, bread and butter and buns. Such touches as this, and the occasional lapse into the dialect of the nursery, in the closing lines of a few letters, such as "Night-night, your true sleepy one," and "Good-by; this is not a letter, it is only talky-talky," makes one feel that the creator of these letters is just a trifle deficient in a sense of the ridiculous.

Frederic Taber Cooper.

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MORE LOVE-LETTERS OF AN ENGLISHWOMAN

I.

OWNEST —— When I woke this morning my windows were covered with a thick, white frost, my bath-tub was an improvised skating-pond, and the mercury in the thermometer outside had forced a hole through the bulb at the base of the tube and disappeared. I was just dangling one timorous creamy magnolia-white foot over the edge of the bed, into the icy crackling void of circumambient cold, when the door opened and Juggins (that housemaid, Belovèd, is already pensioned against senility!)—Juggins brought me Your Letter—.

My Veriest—my Mortgage on Blessedness (as George Meredith might say—you *must* try to read him, Love!)—have you ever seen the sunrise steal suddenly with swift, amorous leaps from one ice-blue snow-peak to another? Have you seen the virgin bosom of the Alps flush beneath the hot, passionate kiss of Phœbus? (Don't be alarmed at my learning, dear! He's only the Norse Sun-god; you'll find him in the Vedda.) Well—*I* have, Sweet—(Aunty took me up the Rhigi once)—and just so the warmth and heat from your letter spread through my icy virginal room, like a forest fire devastating some primeval wilderness with the pent-up fury of a wild beast rending its defenceless prey. (Don't try to make out my metaphors, Darling; at least not till you've practised a little on Meredith first.) Ownest, think of it! Five hours had elapsed since I had heard from you. Letter No. 3659 had been delivered to me at midnight, as I stole up to bed through the silent house, with the glint of the moonlight shimmering ghost-like on the worn oaken stairs that your dear feet have caressed so often! (You've heard of the Scala Santa at Rome, my Demigod—the Sacred Stairs? Well, these are *my* sacred stairs—my heart goes up them on its knees to you, Ownest!) Midnight—think of it! And between then and breakfast, *no news of you* . . . and I still live! Oh, the endurance of the human heart! The bloodless inhumanity of our postal system!

II.

Mine exclusively! Yesterday, in your absence, I called on your mother. She sent word that she had a headache, and begged to be excused, but I was firm.—Love, it is as I anticipated: she is an ignorant and arrogant old woman. But don't be afraid of my telling her so! To what depths of dissimulation would not love make me descend? I shall conceal my feelings; I shall influence her only by example. I could see that she was struck by my gown—the one I copied from Elaine's, in the *Idylls of the King*. (Tennyson, dear: I mean to read him to you next summer!) One can see that your mother has not had many artistic advantages; the drawing-room curtains are *too awful;* and sooner or later that bed of red geraniums by the front door will *have to go*. I made no allusion to the curtains beyond saying that I could not live in a room with aniline colours; for your sake, Darling, I was patient and forbearing. . . . Dearest! My one desire is to judge her leniently; but I happened to mention Meredith in the course of our talk, and her comments were so painfully wide of the mark that I thought it kinder to change the subject. It was not till just as I was leaving that I found out she thought I was referring to the late Lord Lytton! . . . Belovèd, that explains so much. . . .

P. S. You left your goloshes here yesterday, and—shall I tell you? Yes! I've kissed a little hole in one of them already!

III.

Circumference of my Globe! This town is Pisa. Surely my Heart's Life does not need to be told that it is in Italy—not if he has read up the passages I marked in Baedeker before leaving?—Dear, since I have seen your mother I realise how hard it must be for the love of the Beautiful to thrive in such an atmosphere—but surely you must have heard of the Leaning Tower of Pisa? Love, it is a melody in marble! O, how

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I pitied those of our party who were too ignorant and unimaginative to be thrilled by such a revelation! Don't laugh at me, Darling, and call me eccentric, original, romantic—but when Uncle asked me yesterday what I should like for a birthday present, I flung my arms about his neck and whispered—one of those little *Leaning Towers* in alabaster! Belovèd, I can never be thankful enough for having been born with an artistic nature. . . . *Edith Wharton.*

A BIBLIOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE

The 1770 Editions of Goldsmith's "Deserted Village."

Since its first publication *The Deserted Village,* by Oliver Goldsmith, has always been a great favourite with the reading public. At least nine editions were printed in London in 1770, besides an edition, which I have not seen, printed in Dublin. There were six editions issued in a quarto form, printed in large type, and with a pretty engraving of the dilapidated Auburn on the title-page. Of these quarto editions all but the first bear on the title-page or the half-title the words, "Second Edition," "Third Edition," etc. The first quarto edition, the one without such designation, has, until quite recently, been considered the absolute first edition of the poem. In addition to these six editions, which are well known, there were also three others in small octavo, issued by the same printer in the same year, which are practically unknown to the writers on Goldsmith or to collectors of his books. They are really twelvemos (Sigs. A and B, each six leaves), but I shall continue to call them small octavos. Mr. Dobson, in his *Life of Goldsmith,* states that the poem was first published on the 26th of May, 1770, and that the second, third and fourth editions were published in June and the fifth in August of that year. He knew, apparently, only of the editions in quarto.

In the catalogue of a collection of books said to be the library of Mr. Alfred Crampon, of Paris (though, I believe, it is now generally considered that the books were largely from the stock of one or more London booksellers), sold at Sotheby's in June, 1896, there was offered a copy of *The Deserted Village,* containing the following manuscript note:

"This is the genuine first privately printed edition before the 4to of May, 1770. It is the only copy known."

This copy brought £25 at the sale. Shortly after, the late Colonel Grant, whose collection has recently been dispersed at auction, in a communication to the *Athenæum,* pointed out some differences between a small octavo edition to which he had access and the first quarto. He came to the conclusion that the small octavo had been issued before the other.

More than two years ago, having access to a copy of the book in small octavo, I made a comparison of the text with the first quarto, noting every variation in spelling, punctuation or arrangement. There were no differences in text. More than a year afterward, another copy coming into my hands, out of curiosity, without any expectation of discovering any differences, I looked up my old notes, and found that the two editions seemed to be distinct. Borrowing the first copy from the collector into whose library it had passed meanwhile, a more accurate comparison revealed that though textually word for word, page for page, and, with the exception of a single line in the Dedication, line for line, the two were distinct editions, printed from different types and with several points of difference in spelling and punctuation. A comparison of these two with Colonel Grant's notes in the *Athenæum* brought out the fact that his copy must have been of a still different edition. His death and the dispersal of his library brought that book to this country and into my hands.

With the text of these three editions in small type and of the six editions issued

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in quarto the same year before me, I endeavoured to make comparisons and deductions which would prove, if possible, which was the real *editio princeps*. My studies led me to believe that the last of the three editions examined was the earliest. I had the entire poem, following this edition in my transcript, drawn

THE

DESERTED VILLAGE,

A

POEM.

BY DR GOLDSMITH.

LONDON:

Printed for W. GRIFFIN, at Garrick's Head, in Catharine-ſtreet, Strand.

M DCC LXX.

THE SUPPOSED FIRST EDITION.

off, each of the four hundred and thirty-two lines on a separate sheet, and had written in below every variation from this copy, in text, spelling or punctuation, which occurred in the two other small octavo editions and the six quarto editions of the same year.

In the supposed first edition line 37 reads:

Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's head is seen.

This line is corrected, in all later editions, to read:

Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen.

This is the most important variation and the one pointed out by Colonel Grant. Other points of difference are the following:

Line of the poem.	Supposed first octavo.	The eight other 1770 editions.
8	earch	each
38	sadden's	saddens
66	Unweildy	Unwieldy
151	Wandering	Wanderings
302	peasants	peasant
401	an	yon

In the Grant copy, the only one of the supposed first edition examined, a line in old ink had been drawn through the "r" in "earch" in line 8, and through the "s" in "peasants" in line 302.

It is generally considered, in comparing similar editions of any book, that the edition with the errors antedates the corrected edition. This was, of course, my ground in coming to the conclusion that I did that this edition antedated the other small octavos and the first quarto.

With the single exception in line 37 in the supposed first edition, the text of the three small octavo editions agrees exactly with that of the first quarto. Changes, however, were made in the text of the second quarto, as follows:

Line of the poem.	First quarto.	Second quarto.
67	luxury	oppulence
101	blest is he	happy he
111	sinks	bends
184	ready	steady

These changes, which are perpetuated in all of the four later quarto editions of 1770, seem to prove without question that the three octavo editions antedated the second quarto.

Herewith are reproduced, size of originals, the title-pages of the three small octavo editions. It is only by observing sharply that any difference whatever is

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noted. Wording, spelling and punctuation are identical. Differences may, however, be noticed in the types and, more obviously, in the centre ornaments. It will be readily seen that the line transcripts of title-pages, such as are made in the best ordinary bibliographies, do not answer in identifying such distinctions as this. Photographic reproduction only is adequate.

Counting up the variations in spelling, abbreviation and punctuation, I find that the supposed first octavo edition contains one hundred and thirty-three variations not in any of the other 1770 editions. Of these one hundred and twelve are brought about by the substitution of the letter "e" in the later editions for the apostrophe of the supposed first octavo in the past participle, as "destroyed" for "destroy'd," etc. The one I call the second octavo contains only one variation not in any of the others, and my third octavo differs from all the others in only three instances. These two agree with each other, but differ from the first quarto in ninety-seven instances.

The first quarto differs in nine points only from all the other 1770 editions. In seventy-two instances it agrees with the second and third (and generally also with the fourth, fifth and sixth quartos), but differs from all three octavos.

It is thus seen that the three octavos form one class and the three quartos another class. And, if it be taken for granted in bibliography that the edition with the misprints takes precedence over the corrected edition, all three octavo editions must then antedate the first quarto as well as all other quartos.

There are, however, two variations in spacing which seem to controvert the arguments drawn from the variations in spelling and punctuation. In all three octavo editions the new paragraph beginning the description of the ale-house is properly set, the space being between lines 220 and 221. In all the 1770 quartos, as well as in the current editions, this space is between lines 218 and 219, and the two lines

But past is all his fame. The very spot
Where many a time he triumphed, is forgot,

which refer to the schoolmaster, who has been described in the preceding paragraph, begin the description of the ale-

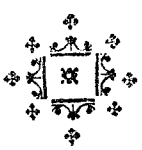
THE

DESERTED VILLAGE,

A

POEM.

BY DR GOLDSMITH.



LONDON:

Printed for W. GRIFFIN, at Garrick's Head, in Catharine-ſtreet, Strand.

M DCC LXX.

THE SUPPOSED SECOND EDITION.

house. In the three octavos also there is space between lines 408 and 409, and the line,

And thou, sweet Poetry, thou lovliest maid,

begins a new paragraph. In the quartos there is no space. This line begins what might be called the epilogue of the poem, and it would seem proper that it should

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begin a new paragraph. If, as it seems, the quartos are wrongly paragraphed, why did not the author correct them when making the changes which he did make in revising the first and third quartos for the printer? But, perhaps, spacing wrongly or omitting the space entirely are errors which the printer might easily fall into and which the author might overlook.

To tabulate a little further, I may add that my supposed first octavo agrees with the so-called second octavo, but differs from the so-called third in nine instances. In five of these the first agrees with the first quarto, in four it does not. The supposed first octavo agrees with the so-called third and differs from the so-called second in only a single instance. The supposed first octavo differs from both the second and third, so called, but agrees with all the quartos in seven instances.

Each quarto seems to have been printed from the one preceding. The variations between the first and second have already been pointed out. The third generally agrees with the second, but in line 108 "his gate" of the first and second quartos becomes "the gate" of the third and later ones. The most important changes were made in the fourth quarto. Lines 81 and 82

> Here, as with doubtful, pensive steps I range,
> Trace every scene and wonder at the change,

are omitted entirely, and are not restored in the later editions. "Soft" in line 125 and "Unskilful" in line 147 of the earlier editions become respectively "sweet" and "Unpractised" in the fourth and later quartos. There were no alterations of text in the fifth and sixth quartos. In line 92 the word "Swains" begins with a capital in the fifth edition. In all other editions it is "swains." Line 14 in the sixth quarto ends with an exclamation "made!" It is either a semi-colon or a period in all the earlier editions. I give these points of distinction as, within the past few months, I have examined two copies of *The Deserted Village* which were sold as first editions, one at auction in New York, the other from an English bookseller's catalogue. Both were late quartos with fac-simile title-pages printed on old paper. Others of the same sort may be offered, and should be looked out for by collectors. Of course, no copy with the alterations in lines 67, 101, 111 and 184, as noted above, could be of the first edition. The text of these lines will fix the authenticity of a copy of the first quarto.

I know of two copies only of the supposed first octavo, one, the Crampon copy, in a private collection in England,

THE

DESERTED VILLAGE,

A

POEM.

By Dr. GOLDSMITH.

LONDON:

Printed for W. Griffin, at Garrick's Head, in Catharine-ſtreet, Strand.

M DCC LXX.

THE SUPPOSED THIRD EDITION.

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the other, the Grant copy, now in America. Of my so-called second octavo, the only copy of which I know belongs to Mr. William Harris Arnold. It is to be offered for sale at auction, with other books from his library, probably in March. Of the so-called third octavo I have examined three copies, all in private collections in this country. There are doubtless a few other copies of one or the other edition in England or America, but the book in this form is certainly very rare.

When the Crampon copy was offered, it was stated to have been "privately printed." The discovery that there were three such editions in one year destroys that theory. Goldsmith's *The Traveller* was published as a quarto in December, 1764, though the title-page is dated 1765. In the case of this poem also there is a small octavo edition known, of which two copies only seem to be extant. This edition differs very materially from the quarto, however. It is dated 1764, no author's name appears on the title-page, and the Dedication is confined to two lines, while in the quarto it fills nearly four pages.

The composition of *The Deserted Village* was begun as early as 1768, and had been nearly two years in preparation when published in 1770. Indeed, the substance of some lines incorporated in the description of the ale-house appear in a letter written to the author's brother Henry in 1759, and seem to be the earliest specimen of his verse extant. If there were textual differences in these small octavo editions, they might be supposed to have been trial issues, but such is not the case.

Another supposition is that the octavos are all pirated editions. Professor Masson says that during the latter half of 1770 "the lovely village of Auburn was in all men's fancies, passages from the poem were in every mouth, and the topics, which it suggested of depopulation, luxury and landlordism, were discussed in connection with it." Is it possible that some unscrupulous printer or printers published the book in cheap form, copying even the imprint of the title-page? If such an edition or editions had been issued, the book would be, it would seem, less rare.

In the collected edition of Goldsmith's *Poetical and Dramatic Works,* published in 1780, about six years after his death, *The Deserted Village* is preceded by the statement that the poem was "first printed in 1769." What does this mean? Is it a misprint, or is there an edition of an earlier date still to be discovered?

Some may think that time and space are wasted in making such comparisons. Modern bibliography is an exact science. The bibliography of fifty years ago was not. Rare books are bought now more as treasures, curios, if you please, like gems or paintings or pottery. The earlier book-collectors cared more for the text. Nowadays a rare book must be perfect, or (with a few exceptions) it is of comparatively slight value. Head-lines or catch-words cut into, a half-title or leaf of errata lacking seems to have made little difference to Heber. The book collector who trusts to published bibliographies and collations is likely to be sometimes misled. Exact knowledge in bibliography, like exact knowledge in other sciences, is likely to be ahead of the hand-books.

Luther S. Livingston.

VIVE

A dew-drop swung on a rose-leaf red,
  Swayed by the wild wind's breath,
It sparkled bright in the morning light,
  Though the sun's kiss was death.

It held and jewelled each golden dart
  Fraught with the doom joy won.
If years mean grief, then let life be brief—
  Die from kiss of the sun.

E. Scott O'Connor.

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THE COUNTRY OF SIENKIEWICZ

By Louis E. Van Norman.

I.

"With Fire and Sword"—The Castle of Zbaraj.

Take down the map of Europe. Draw a line from Riga, on the Baltic Sea, to Dresden, in Saxony. Draw another line from Dresden to the mouth of the Dniester River, on the Black Sea; another from the mouth of the Dniester to Smolensk, Russia, and a fourth from Smolensk back to Riga. You have enclosed the Commonwealth of Poland at its greatest extent—the country of Sienkiewicz. To-day it is a portion of three great European nations. It has long ceased to have a separate political existence, but its people will always remain a distinct, individual and resistant people. The "Polish question" is an ever-present "ghost that troubles" at every European council.

The novels of Henryk Sienkiewicz depict Poland. His Trilogy presents, in bold, clear-cut, beautiful lines, that unfortunate land and people, which is to-day without a place on the map of nations. It is true that in these novels the Poland pictured is the Poland of former generations. But it is also the Poland of to-day. In their general characteristics the Poles have not changed appreciably during the past four or five centuries, and this very fact is one secret of their national weakness. Frequent infusion of foreign blood and occasional revolutions have modified and reshaped almost all the other nationalities of Europe, but the Poles have remained, in temperament, traditions and even customs, much the same as when they were the first nation in the world—three hundred years ago.

This is no place to enter into a discussion of the many good and many bad qualities of the Poles. History has recorded them. Read the Trilogy, and see how the novelist has gathered up all the threads of the national life and character of his countrymen and woven them deftly into one shining cord: the series of three realistic, historical romances: *With Fire and Sword, The Deluge* and *Pan Michael.*

It is in the Trilogy that Poland is mirrored. The other novels of Sienkiewicz are not essentially typical. *Quo Vadis* is a powerful romance, but it is not the Sienkiewicz *milieu. Without Dogma* is a fascinating psychological study, but a study that is human-broad. *The Family of Polanyetski* is also psychological and human, not exclusively Polish. *The Knights of the Cross* is the history of an obscure, seething period set in an absorbing romance. The Trilogy *is* Poland. Podbipienta, large-limbed, large-hearted, chivalrous, taciturn, patient, relentless, "so tall that his head nearly struck the ceiling . . . but with an honest, open expression like that of a child," represents Lithuania, the vast, savage northeast domain that came to the commonwealth with the marriage of the Christian Jadwiga to the barbarian Jagiello. Zagloba is the type of the *petite noblesse,* boastful yet brave, enormous eater and drinker, good companion, good talker, kind-hearted, grumbling at times, yet in the main content with what fortune brought him, "always ready to out-drink and out-talk a whole regiment." Volodiyovski is the thoroughgoing soldier, the splendid swordsman, a conqueror in war and love, a very typical Polish character. Volodiyovski, moreover, actually existed. Bohun, in *With Fire and Sword,* represents the Cossack, and Azya, in *Pan Michael,* the Tartar, those fierce, untamed races, human birds of prey, that surrounded the Polish commonwealth, and but for the swords of the Poles would have overrun Western Europe. Prince Boguslaw, of *The Deluge,* is the type of the "foreignised" Polish aristocrat, at whose door may be laid most of the blame for the futility which has been the reward of the patriotism of all other classes. French in manners, in dress, in habits, French in the faultless punctiliousness and pomp of his chivalry, he was French also in his hollow pretensions, in his cynicism, in his amours. Boguslaw brought his French servants, his French dress and his French manners into the commonwealth, treating the Poles with whom he came in contact as inferior beings, and lauding foreign ways, foreign

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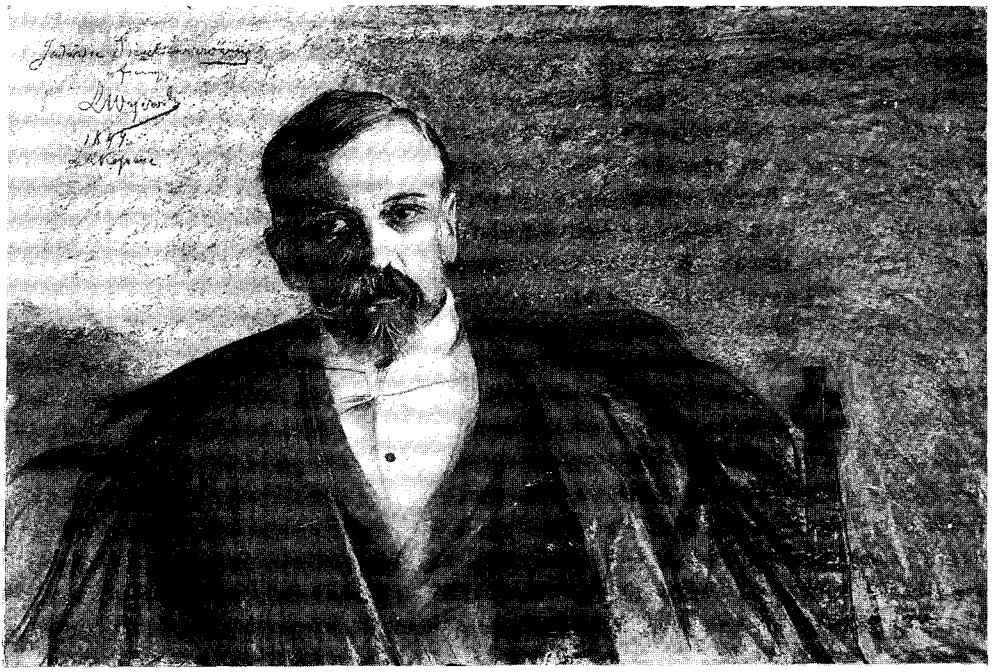

HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ.

From a pastel by Leon Wychulkowski, at Zakopane, in the Carpathian Mountains, in 1899, and presented to the novelist's daughter, Jadwiga. This reproduction is by special permission of author and artist.

military service, foreign everything. He is the prototype of the Polish noble of to-day, who so often lives abroad—in France, in England, in Italy—who spends his money lavishly at the English Derby, the French Grand Prix, at Monte Carlo, on the Riviera—but who, when he comes to Warsaw or Krakau, the most Polish of cities, pulls tight his purse-strings and haggles over the amount of his hotel bill. He will entertain you as though you were a prince, but his own countrymen he does not deign to patronise. A true, an unfortunately true type, this Boguslaw.

Pleasanter to contemplate are the wholly noble creations of the Trilogy, especially so far as the novelist could find real, actual historic characters to stand as types. These types can be found to-day among the Poles. Skshetuski, the mirror of chivalry; Volodiyovski, the simple-minded, ideal soldier; Kmita, the dashing, devoted cavalier; Kordetski, the patriot priest; Charnyetski, the splendid, terrible leader of armies; Sapyeha, the large-souled, pleasure-loving marshal; Vishnyevetski, the peerless leader—what a splendid array! And all were actual, living men, as were also the terrible Hmelnitski and the equally terrible Radzivill.

Although the heroes of the Trilogy have for their "stamping ground" almost the entire commonwealth, three places stand out prominently above all others, one in each of the three volumes. In *With Fire and Sword* (which, in Sienkiewicz's opinion, is the best of the three) the siege of Zbaraj, by Hmelnitski and Tugai Bey and its heroic defence by Prince Yeremi Vishnyevetski, is the pivot upon which the story turns. In *The Deluge* there is another heroic defence, of the Church of Jasna Góra, at Chenstohova, where Kordetski and Kmita withstood the Swedes under the redoubtable Miller. In the last of the Trilogy—*Pan Michael*—the *point d'appui* of the story is the siege of Kamenetz —a third gallant defence—where the little Knight Volodiyovski lost his life battling against the Turks. These three places may be taken as texts in considering "the country of Sienkiewicz," for the additional reason that the inci-

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dents connected with them may be regarded as illustrating three of the salient traits of the Polish national character: at Zbaraj, military valour; at Chenstohova, religious devotion; at Kamenetz, self-sacrifice and patriotism.

With Fire and Sword is the thrilling story of the wrong and disaffection of Hmelnitski and his terrible warfare against the commonwealth from 1640 to 1650.

The great wave of Cossack and Tartar inundation—one of the many that devastated Poland during her four centuries as the bulwark of Europe against Eastern barbarism—gathered and broke on a small fortified town called Zbaraj, in what is now Austrian Ruthenia. It was during the reign of King Jan Kasimir II. (1648-68) that Bogdan Hmelnitski with his Cossacks and his Tartar allies, under Tugai Bey, came against the little town made so famous by Sienkiewicz's pen.

Zbaraj is situated at the first point on the great plains—Podolia—where the land rolls, and so, very naturally, by its position, it became a rendezvous for the Christian Knights and the first point of attack for the Cossacks.

Hmelnitski tried first to reach Zbaraj by way of the now important city of Tarnopol (from which Zbaraj is distant about seven miles), but the Poles had strongly fortified the main road of the town (the old church, from the walls of which the Polish cannon frowned, still stands), and he was compelled to turn aside to a hill opposite the old castle (this castle still stands) and cross the marsh, which has now shrunk to a small pond, but which then was a lake whose waters came up to the very walls of the castle. It was in July, 1648 or 1649, that his army of one hundred thousand men—about equal numbers of Cossacks and Tartars—camped before the walls, and, at about the same time, Prince Yeremi came up with his three thousand Knights. When the Polish leader took command in Zbaraj he had, all told, a force of nine thousand men, picked warriors, it is true, the flower of European soldiery, but a mere handful in the face of the host outside the fortress.

The present writer traversed the entire

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ground made famous by the heroes of *With Fire and Sword,* profiting by the hospitality of a Polish gentleman who owns a large estate within a mile of Zbaraj.

The estate is situated in the little village of Ochzymowce, a village less than half a mile distant from the little wood in which Podbipienta met his death at the hands of the Tartars.

The country about Zbaraj is a beautiful rural one. It is at the break up of the great fertile plains of Podolia, which formed a portion of the ancient Polish commonwealth, but are now partly in Austria, partly (and mostly) in Russia. The ground is that splendid black loam which bears so generously. Naturally a magnificent land, it is now fertilised by Heaven only knows how much human blood and bones during the centuries of almost ceaseless warfare waged on these plains.

A circuitous route leads through Zarudzie, Wachlówka and Stryjówka—villages all referred to in the Trilogy as having been burned by the Cossacks, and still plodding along in the same peasant way under the same names. The first thing to attract the attention on approaching the town is a great hill which was thrown up by the Tartars, from which to bombard the walls. Most of the elevations in and about Zbaraj to-day, indeed, are the remains of military works.

From the ruins of the old wall the writer set out on foot to follow the route of Pan Longin, the gallant Lithuanian, on his errand to King Jan Kasimir. On the grass-grown slope of the old battlements a white-gowned, white-haired peasant was walking toward the town. He saluted:

"Nech bendzie pochwalony Jezus Chrystus" ("Blessed be the Lord Jesus Christ"), he said reverently.

"Na wieki wieków" ("For ages and ages"), I replied, just as Podbipienta did, as millions of others have done and will continue to do, "for ages and ages," in this venerable, picturesque land, among these tradition-loving people. It took me an hour, in the broad sunshine, over what is now comparatively easy country, to reach the wood where the Tartars caught the gallant Podbipienta. He must have wandered for five or six hours—all night, as Sienkiewicz puts it. His

"THE STAFF STRUCK ZAGLOBA'S SHOULDERS AND THE BUNTING COILED ABOUT HIS HEAD."—"WITH FIRE AND SWORD."

ZAGLOBA CAPTURES THE STANDARD.—FROM THE PAINTING BY JULIUS KOSSAK.

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"WHOEVER GOT WITHIN RANGE OF HIS SWORD DIED WITHOUT UTTERING A GROAN."—"WITH FIRE AND SWORD."

THE DEATH OF PAN LONGIN PODBIPIENTA.—FROM THE PAINTING BY JULIUS KOSSAK.

"THE FIGURE OF THE TARTAR SENTINEL NODDED WITH A UNIFORM MOTION."—"WITH FIRE AND SWORD."

PASSAGE OF SKSHETUSKI THROUGH THE MARSH BEFORE ZBARAJ.—FROM THE PAINTING BY JULIUS KOSSAK.

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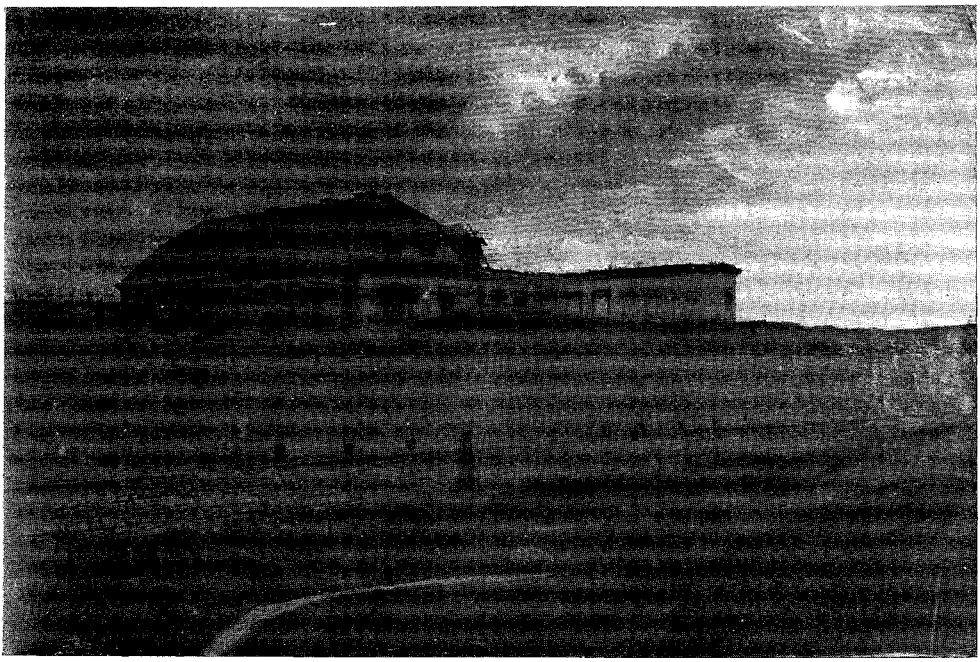
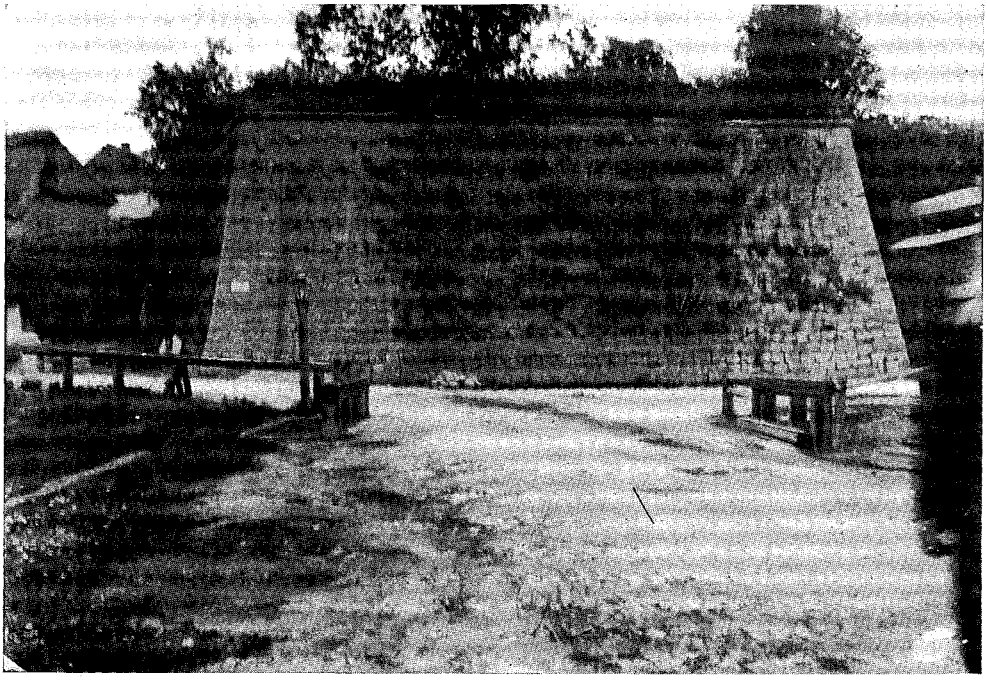


"EVENING FELL CLEAR AND CALM, AND THE MOON AROSE."—"WITH FIRE AND SWORD."
THE OLD CASTLE AT ZBARAJ, SHOWING WALL WITH EMBRASURES FOR CANNON.



THE BASTION AT ZBARAJ DOWN WHICH SKSHETU SKI CLIMBED TO ENTER THE POND.—"WITH FIRE AND SWORD."
THE PLACE IS RADICALLY CHANGED TO-DAY. WHEN THE KNIGHT CLIMBED DOWN, THE WATER CAME UP TO THE FOOT OF THE WALL.

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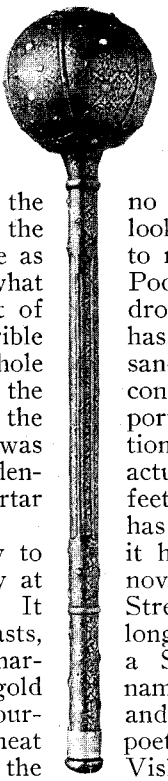
martyrdom took place early in the morning. How beautiful the end:

The angels of heaven took his soul and laid it like a bright pearl at the feet of the Queen of Heaven.

Many wayside shrines, in the forms of a figure of the Virgin, the Christ, or some saint, were passed on the road, the weather-stained, grey plaster structures looming up oddly from among the blades of yellow grain, ready for the sickle, the statues often garnished with wreaths or skulls. A peasant might often be seen bowing reverently before one of these figures. This is a serious matter to these devout peasants, but it sometimes presents a humorous side to the less religiously inclined. I saw, for example, one plaster figure with a head much too large for the body, and also set on at an angle. I learned that a rich peasant, desiring to make a thank offering for some piece of good fortune, had placed this head, regardless of its fitness, probably blissfully unconscious of any incongruity.

By a fortunate chance I arrived in Ochzymowce on the 12th of July, the night preceding that night, upon which, centuries before, the great storm of nature and of war occurred. "It seemed as though the vault of heaven burst, and was about to fall on the heads of the combatants." Thus the weather and other conditions were as favourable as possible to realise what Sienkiewicz describes. The night of the 11th had experienced a terrible downpour of rain, flooding the whole region and bringing vividly before the imagination the great storm of the novel. The narrow village road was rough and reeking with mud, the identical road through which the Tartar horsemen dashed to attack Zbaraj.

There is a rare, artistic quality to the air in this region, particularly at the beginning of the long twilight. It softens outlines, tones down contrasts, yet brings out colour values in a marvellously effective way. A red gold shimmer from the setting sun burnished all the landscape. The wheat fields positively gleamed and the cherry-trees fringed the road like a hedge of beading. Off to the south the little stream widens into a lake. From its banks behind the trees came the soft, plaintive strains of a Ruthenian folk-song, as the bare-legged peasant women beat their linen into cleanliness. One of the peasant men, a clean-limbed, clear-eyed fellow, came out of a hut, and modestly, but with quiet dignity, invited us to enter. He brought a great bowl of cherries, some black bread and a bottle of miód (pronounced *mute*), the honey drink that Zagloba loved so well. We ate and drank, and then, as his fathers and grandfathers did, and as he is teaching his children to do, the entire family approached and respectfully kissed our hands. The Ruthenian and Polish peasant of this country is religious, moral, clean and generally honest. His hut is thatched with straw, but he has a good stove within, he wants for nothing, many religious pictures adorn his walls, and, to complete his good fortune (according to his belief), the stork builds its nest on the roof of the hut. The stork is held in particular esteem, almost reverence, by the Galician peasant. With only moderate industry and economy the peasant can live comfortably on his land. His women work with him in the fields, but this is by no means a hardship, and healthier-looking women one seldom sees. But to return to Zbaraj. After following Podbipienta's course, I returned and drove into the city. To-day the town has from four thousand to five thousand inhabitants, mostly Jews. It contains one long street, the greater portion of which is in very bad condition and very dirty. There are, by actual measurement, just sixty-two feet of sidewalk in the town. Zbaraj has begun to realise the importance it has attained through Sienkiewicz's novels, and it now has a Sienkiewicz Street (which, by the way, is the one long, dirty road already referred to), a Sobieski Street, and also streets named after Skshetuski, Vishnyevetski and Mickiewicz. To complete the poetic bathos, as I emerged upon Vishnyevetski Street, a little pig, but



THE BATON OF VISHNYEVETSKI.

The original is now in the Czartoryski Museum in Krakau.

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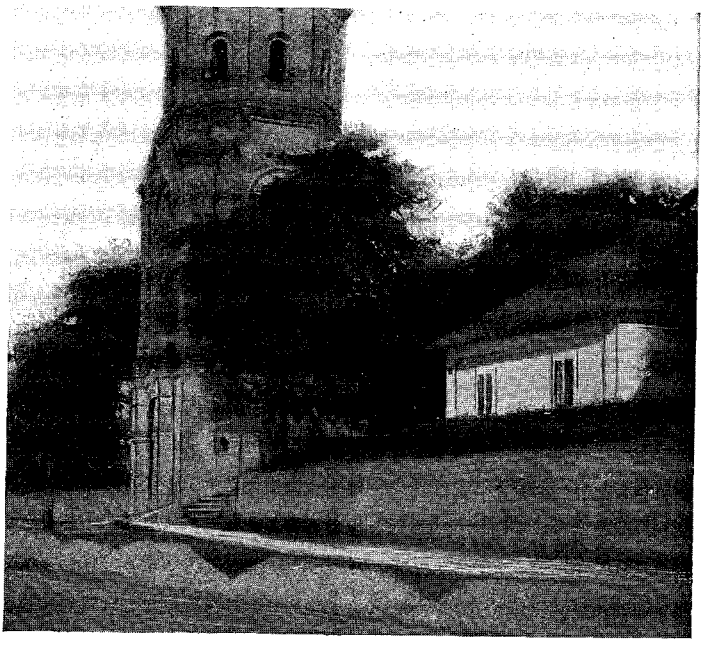
a suckling that would have warmed the cockles of Zagloba's heart, came squealing down the road, pursued by three or four bare-footed youngsters and two dogs. The cavalcade stopped short in front of the old church in which the Knights took the oath of eternal fidelity. Here the body of Podbipienta lay in state after the Tartars had brought it to Zbaraj. Report has it that the hero was buried in the cemetery of the town, and that the soldiers raised a great kopiec, or mound, over his body by depositing each a handful of earth as a testimonial of their affection and sorrow.

As were all churches in those troubled times, this is surrounded by a half-ruined wall pierced with embrasures for cannon and also connected, by underground passages, with several of the bastions on the great wall, so that, in case of need, the city's defenders might flee for refuge to the house of God. It is a grey, time-worn old structure, with two Oriental-looking towers. Two great images of the Christ, erected in the early years of the present century, stand in the space in front. The church is now in charge of the Bernardine monks, who have a school for the boys of the town. In its crypt are the mummies of twenty or thirty Cossacks and Tartars. From the church it is but ten minutes' walk to the old castle to which the Poles retired after the first storm, after which began the regular siege. Almost entirely dismantled by time, the old ruin still stands untouched by the desecrating hand of "improvement," because the present owner of the land will not permit the hoary relic to be removed. This gentleman, by the way, has a very beautiful residence scarcely a stone's throw from the castle. He has also a beautiful daughter, who conducted us all about the ruin and explained everything. The Zbaraj of to-day has grown away from the old town, and is, for the most part, built outside the old walls, but toward the opposite side from the old castle. The venerable building still stands guard at the southwest, as it did when Hmelnitski and his legions came down like a flood. Twenty times—as Skshetuski afterward told the king—did the terrible warrior lead his fierce soldiery against the ramparts of Zbaraj, each time to be repulsed with fearful slaughter. Here it was, also, that Skshetuski had his single combat with Tugai Bey, and from this spot it was that, when the Tartars began to flee, "their white turbans making the fields look like snow," he pursued with his dreaded hussars.



"FROM THE LOFTY TOWERS THE BELLS, GREAT AND SMALL, BEGAN TO PEAL."—"THE DELUGE."

AN OLD RUTHENIAN CHURCH GATE NEAR TARNOPOL.

The castle is, or was, a practically square structure perched on an elevation, with a wide moat about it, and flanked by towers at the corners of the walls, each, perhaps, fifty feet high. The building itself was two stories in height, and constructed of stone and brick, with stucco or made stone-work on the outside. This is surmounted by the ridge-

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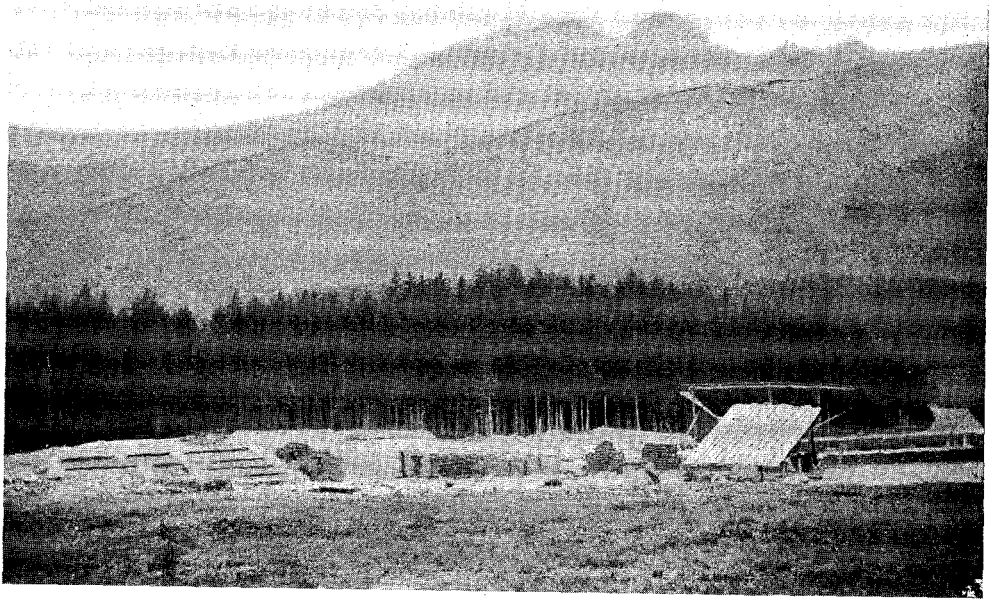
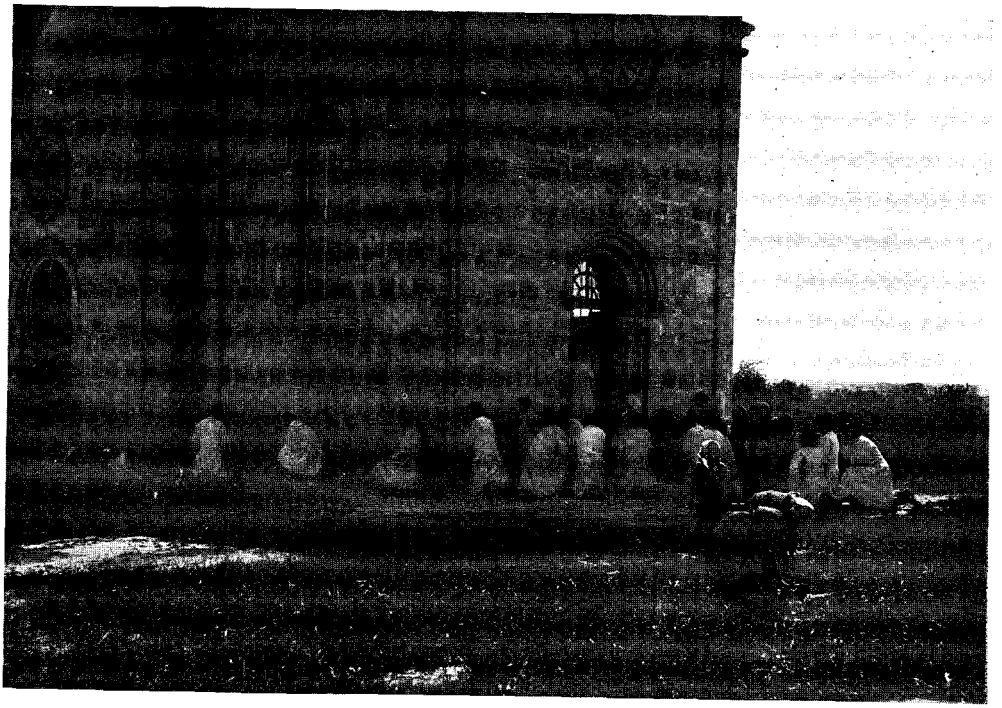


THE PASSAGE OF THE CARPATHIAN MOUNTAINS BY KING JAN KASIMIR, SHOWING THE PEAK GIEMONT.—"THE DELUGE."



"PEASANTS, SEEING THE SERVICE HAD BEGUN, CROWDED TO THE DOORS IN WORSHIP."—"THE DELUGE."

A PEASANT SUNDAY MORNING SERVICE NEAR ZBARAJ.

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pole roof, made of rough, wooden joists bound together with rope and covered with cement. The great keep still yawns to the left of the main hall, and remains of secret passages may be seen at every possible point. Surrounding the courtyard, under the walls, and looking out through cannon holes on the moat, were the officers' quarters. To-day—alas!—they harbour pigs and chickens. At one corner of the wall, where the turf slopes rather abruptly down to the moat, there is a narrow ridge, along which the Turks are said to have attempted to enter on the night of the great storm, and here it was that Podbipienta cut off the heads of the three Turks at one blow, thus fulfilling his vow, and winning the right to marry.

Wings seemed to sprout from his shoulders; choirs of angels sang in his breast, as if he were rising up to heaven; he fought as in a dream, and every blow of his sword was like a prayer of thanks.

Off to the west, near where the manor-house stands to-day, are the remains of the bastion or fort, the point at which Skshetuski climbed down on his perilous mission to the king. Podbipienta had failed, and the gallant Skshetuski volunteered to carry the message to the king telling of Zbaraj's dire need. At the time there was a great pond, or staw, which extended up to the very wall. At the present time this has shrunk so that it is but a widening of the little stream that runs through it, but so lazily that the pond is mostly stagnant water. Skshetuski's heroism can only be fully appreciated when one sees the spot, knows somewhat of the characteristics of the age, and then rereads the novelist's vivid description. Sienkiewicz says that the wall was not completed on the side of the ponds at the time of the siege, and it was here that Burlai, the old Cossack commander, almost succeeded in forcing an entrance. The Hungarians had given way, when the stout German mercenaries came up and saved the day. In the darkness—the account tells us—the besieged began to throw lighted tar down from the walls that the repulse might be complete. One could almost fancy that he saw Zagloba before him, trembling, as he recognised the terrible Burlai, the warrior who had just killed his tenth man. The fright of the old Falstaff—"I shall die, I and all my fleas with me"—his anger and his triumph as, in full view of both armies, he slew Burlai with one stroke of the sword—all seemed more vivid as one walked over the spot where it actually happened.

The day was drawing to a close as I took my last look from the battlements of Zbaraj—a beautiful, clear July evening. To the west the country stretched off to Russia, wave upon wave of ripened grain, amid which gleamed and nodded in the breeze hundreds of scarlet poppies, like the red dragoons of Volodiyovski bending for a charge. Everything was quiet, peaceful, beautiful. And then, as on that other July day, "night fell and vespers began to toll."

II.

"The Deluge"—Chenstohova.

Religious devotion and fervour may be said to be the main theme of *The Deluge,* the second volume of the Trilogy. The story is that of the invasion of the commonwealth by the Swedes under King Charles Gustavus, the apparent submission of Poland, the flight of King Jan Kasimir, his return and the arousing of the commonwealth to expel the invaders.

Through the marriage of Katherine Jagiellonczyk, daughter of Zygmunt I. of Poland, to John Vasa, king of Sweden, a number of conflicting claims of Swedes to the crown of Poland and of Poles to the throne of Sweden sprang up. On the abdication of Queen Christina of Sweden, and the accession of Charles Gustavus, Jan Kasimir, king of Poland, asserted his right to the Swedish crown. The Swedes replied by laying claim themselves to the Polish succession, and Charles Gustavus, with sixty thousand veteran troops, invaded Pomerania, then a part of the commonwealth. He met with but little opposition, took Warsaw and Krakau, and forced the Polish king to flee into Silesia. The country was divided and torn by factional strife, and the Swedes had almost a triumphal march till they laid siege to Chenstohova, to which stronghold they had been attracted by the great riches of the Church of Jasna Góra. The Poles regarded this as sacrilege, and sprang to arms. King Jan Kasimir returned to his kingdom by

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way of Hungary, forcing his way through the Carpathian Mountains, after a desperate struggle with the Swedes in one of the most isolated passes. Here it was that Kmita performed such prodigies of valour and the górali, or mountaineers, wrought such havoc with their ciupagi, and by casting down rocks on the Swedes. The whole invasion of the Swedes is treated in *The Deluge*. But the pivotal event is the siege of the church stronghold of Jasna Góra at Chenstohova in 1655 by General Miller and his Swedes, and its defence by Kordetski and Kmita.

Chenstohova (this spelling gives the English value to the letters—the Polish form is Czestochowa) is in Russian Poland, in the old kingdom, and is a station on the railroad, half-way between Krakau and Warsaw, being about six hours' ride from either city. It is now a town of fifty thousand inhabitants, one of those irregularly constructed but rapidly growing manufacturing cities which one finds now all over Russia. It is a very busy town. There are in Chenstohova manufactories of paper, wool, cotton, iron and cement. A number of Americans live there as directors, machinists, engineers. There were formerly profitable gold mines near the town, but these were ruined during the Swedish invasion.

The city itself is spread out and rambling and not particularly attractive. A long, wide, tree-arched promenade through the centre affords opportunity for a continuous parade of rich and poor—handsome Russian officers with pretty women, and droschke men and 'ostler boys with factory girls. The common Russian soldier is rather a jolly fellow. Large, raw, with hair frequently as light in colour as tow and as thick as a mop, he roams about the streets (when off duty), often two of them together, hand in hand, grinning good-humouredly and promptly taken in by all the "skin" devices with which the town abounds—side-shows of "disappearing ladies" and reappearing skeletons, steam calliopes, "test-your-lungs" apparatuses, and the rest of the catalogue that were popular at Coney Island and on the Bowery ten years ago. There are eight or ten thousand soldiers in Chenstohova, and one sees them everywhere. But there is really nothing in Chenstohova itself for the traveller—the church is the great point of interest.

Jasna Góra—"Exalted Mountain"—is a church or rather a group of church buildings situated on an elevation, from which a great stretch of country may be seen. It is a fine natural situation for a church, and, by the earthworks and masonry that still remain, one can see how strong it must have been when the Swedes tried to take it. The church has a long ecclesiastical history. Tradition has it that many miracles have been wrought there, and on several occasions the Virgin Mother herself has appeared to worshippers. After successfully resisting the Swedes "Saint Mary" was declared queen of Poland, as she was believed to have aided in the defence of the church.

Leaving the busy part of the town, one approaches the church by a wide avenue, shaded with handsome trees and leading through a fine park. A panorama showing Christ's passion and death is given periodically at the entrance to the park. Before reaching the church itself you come upon a great bronze statue of the Czar, Alexander II., guarded day and night by a sentinel on either side. A little farther on, but less conspicuously placed, is a statue of the brave soldier-priest Kordetski, to whose heroism and valour chiefly Jasna Góra owed its deliverance. Then one comes in front of the church itself, a pile of buildings in old grey, irregular style, surrounded by, or, rather, perched above, a fifty-foot high brick wall pierced for cannon. It is one of the best extant specimens of the old fortress church, the literal church militant. The old earthworks still remain, although now grass-grown and peaceful looking. The walls are being restored, and an outside cordon of masonry is being erected. Surrounding the walls on two sides are rows of little booths—there must be one hundred of them—where images, rosaries, praying cards, pictures of saints and relics are vended. Here, also, are all sorts of comestibles and drinkables—fruits, sandwiches, little cakes, cold coffee, with slices of lemon—ready for the refreshment of the pilgrim from afar. Bands of the pilgrims are constantly arriving.

(*To be concluded.*)

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FIVE POPULAR BOOKS OF SOME IMPORTANCE

I.

MARION CRAWFORD'S "THE RULERS OF THE SOUTH."*

Mr. Crawford's latest long book is neither fiction nor history, properly speaking. The *Rulers of the South* is in historical form, but Mr. Crawford very cleverly and judiciously refuses to be bound down to any strict method. He uses annals and romance in order to tell a picturesque story of Sicily and the adjoining Italian shores of the Mediterranean, and he selects from his rich material whatever breathes most fragrantly of romance and colour. The easy, flowing style is well adapted to string together the deeds of heroes, the records of southern wars, the tales of adventures which crowd fast upon one another during the twenty centuries. The subject is full of charm and sweep; and the treatment, though it is fundamentally superficial, is well adapted to its probable purpose—to tell a story which could be easily read by many people; leaving out not only whatever is uninteresting and tedious, but also anything peculiarly profound in insight, in poetical suggestion or in judicial scholarship. The romance and eloquence are sustained rather than poignant; the tales slide gracefully by without reaching the heights of interest or falling below the point where the average reader will gladly follow. It is an able book—sustained, easy, thoroughly adequate in the way the rich material is handled. The fact that nothing is transformed into shapes of beauty or of distinction in any form is merely to deny the touch of genius and the mark of the laborious intellect. Plenty of robust ability, which, in spite of the picturesqueness, is not of the warming sort, remains, however; a fact which in criticism intended to represent the opinion of the educated masses cannot be too highly praised.

The Rulers of the South tells the story of how the races successively struggled for supremacy in beautiful Sicily and the south of Italy—for Sicily, which has "a charm so strong and lasting as to be a source of interest in itself, so that we may figure the island as the undying heroine of an unending romance, wooed, won and lost by many lovers who have met and fought and conquered, or have been vanquished in the struggle for the possession of her beauty. Sicily has been the Helen of a European epos." First came the Greeks, and they added to the beautiful land beautiful monuments and their beautiful civilisation. Many of their famous philosophers and writers came to Sicily—Pythagoras, whose story is told "because it combines in a wonderful degree the elements of fable, romance and history, and is, therefore, a fitting link between myth and truth;" Simonides, "who enjoys the singular distinction of having first discovered that poetry is a marketable production of genius, for it is recorded that he was the first poet who not only received remuneration, but exacted payment for his verses, and he must, therefore, be looked upon as the direct literary ancestor of the modern author;" Pindar, the divine, who "lived not for the world, but for himself;" Æschylus, "rugged and vast of plan, his work is to that of Sophocles as a rock temple of India to a Gothic cathedral." Great warriors came to the beautiful island, too—Gelon, who, at Himera, slew one hundred and fifty thousand Carthaginians and wounded many more, and then, instead of following the Carthaginians to their home and crushing them, remained in Syracuse and governed well; a wise example not followed by his successor, Hiero, who gathered the great poets and artists to his court and magnificently tried to extend his power; other Greek tyrants in Sicily quarrelled with each other, and led Mr. Crawford to make some interesting comments on Greek character.

"The chief fault of the Greeks was a direct result of that gift of individuality, which has never belonged in the same degree to any other nation. They loved freedom as few people have loved it, but at no time in their history were they ever reconciled in any sort of unity or harmony." The various Sicilian cities fought against each other, sought foreign aid, sometimes from Carthage, sometimes from Athens, sometimes from Sparta. The vain Alcibiades and a great

*The Rulers of the South. By Francis Marion Crawford. New York: The Macmillan Company.

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host set out at the call of Segesta against Syracuse and were practically destroyed. And a great many minor wars took place, one vast host against the island being led by Demosthenes, until finally the forcible Carthaginians again overran the island, and although they were at last terribly defeated by Dionysius, quarrels still continued among the Greeks until the island fell into the iron hands of the Romans.

The Roman deeds in Sicily occupy comparatively little space in the book, and were less varied in character. An interesting passage is that in which Mr. Crawford writes of Roman art and the difference between beauty and romance. "The traveller pauses and asks himself, perhaps in vain, why it is that a stronger human interest lies in the ruins of Roman buildings than in any of the exquisite monuments preserved to us from Grecian times; why the Coliseum, which is really hideous, has a far stronger hold on our feelings than the Parthenon, which expresses the highest conception of genius." Mr. Crawford's partial explanation is that "Romance and beauty are neither the same, nor do they proceed from the same source. . . . Beauty of form, of thought and of execution was almost a prerogative of the early Greeks. . . . Yet to most men the Greeks . . . are no more sympathetic than the Japanese, who possess many of the same characteristics. . . . It (romance) may, perhaps, be that indefinable something in thought, word and deed . . . which makes us feel akin with the hero, the poet and the saint."

The last volume is occupied with the descent upon Sicily and the rule therein of Goth and Byzantine, of Saracen and of Norman, and many highly coloured tales charmingly woven from history and legend are told. The total result of the book is to cause the reader to dream alternately of ornate beauty and stirring deeds—of noble monuments, beautiful nature, many-coloured customs and varied characters, mediæval love stories and magical tales, on the one hand, and on the other of fierce fights, great captains in almost indistinguishable crowds, unheard-of cruelty and colossal bravery, dastardly deeds and deeds of the highest heroism. We get a great rush of mixed movement and rich colour, and emerge with a jaded appetite and a feeling that greater intimacy and less breadth of treatment might have given us something more distinct and more permanently and fruitfully remembered.

H. B. Hutch.

II.

Mrs. Steel's "The Hosts of the Lord."*

The spirit of the East lives in this book; not the spirit as it was, but as it is to-day, its bloom of mysticism and romance brushed off by the impinging science and civilisation of the West; yet multifold and mysterious still. Mrs. Steel has given us in artistic form a statement of the great social problem of British rule in India; she has painted a comprehensive picture, veritable in general effect, and filled in with illuminating details of manners, customs, points of view and character. She has, indeed, been a close observer, and she knows, in its many widely different phases, the life of which she writes. Her style is equal to the demands of delicate character-drawing—it is distinctly feminine in this respect—and to the vigorous depiction of intense situations. She has a story to tell; a complicated tale, with many strands interwoven; of which she never loses trace, binding them together in a many-coloured chain. From beginning to end her grasp is firm, masterful. The events of her story shape themselves according to inherent probabilities, yet to her artistic purpose. But although there is action galore in the book, interest centres in the characters, not in the action as such; and the slow unwinding of the narrative, therefore, does not trouble us; rather, and happily, it gives us time to appreciate what is picturesque by the way. In a word, Mrs. Steel has given us a book admirable in many aspects, well constructed, vividly written and interesting to the end.

The Hosts of the Lord is the story of an Indian mutiny, arising it is impossible to say how or why (though we see how a train of trivial incidents contribute to

*The Hosts of the Lord. By Flora Annie Steel. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

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bring it to an issue), and ending abortively in a night.

Mrs. Steel has suggested the Pilgrims' Chorus from *Tannhäuser* as a musical motto for her book. And a great pilgrimage is indeed, in a sense, the theme. But it is subordinated, and made a ground-note, giving a solemn mood to the tale. The Hosts of the Lord, that sea of upturned faces on which an expression of patience and eagerness is written, pervade the story as a nameless terror; a tremendous potentiality for evil, something immeasurable, mysterious, and yet, after all, inert. But the mutiny is the climax, and this is led up to slowly, surely, with an art that knows no faltering.

There is a double love motive, or rather, we should say, a motive of love and a motive of passion, which are well contrasted and skilfully wrought into the texture of the tale. The love is of a simple, hearty Anglo-Saxon sort, though none the less delicate for that; it is the love of a young English officer, a big boy, but a gentleman to the core, for an English girl, a missionary, an ardent proselyter, but none the less a real woman. The passion is of the East, despite the fact that its victims are of the West, the woman having only a strain of princely Indian blood in her veins; it is elemental, sweeping, heedless of naught but itself, with a luxury of sensuous accessories, luscious, cloying effects, rich perfumes, clinging draperies, sumptuous art. "Vincent could feel the warm ivory of her cheek against his own, hear the soft chink of her jewels as they slid toward him, following the soft, warm curves on which they lay. The red light of the lamp glittered faintly in red stars on the myriad facets of looking-glass with which the vaulted roof was adorned. It fell, reddening the red lights on the gold-stiffened crimson waves of her dress, that sent such a bewildering perfume to cloud his senses with passionate content."

The characters are individual, they have life; and yet we see that they are types. What a motley jarring of races and creeds it is! The many strata of Indian society, English and native, are represented: the English soldier in Vincent Dering, brave, a dilettante, a seeker of impressions; in Lancelot Carlyon, brave also, but simple and sincere; the physician in Dr. Dillon, cynic, society man, and practical man of affairs; the native officer in the *risaldar* Roshan Khân, beneath whose English culture lurk still, unknown to him, but ready to show themselves in the moment of supreme stress, the barbaric instincts and impulses he despises. Equally distinct are the women: Erda Shepherd, in whom the "church militant" spirit burns ardently, but not so intensely as to quench her woman's longing to be desired; Laila Bonaventura, whose nature is a blending of the passion of the West and the sensuousness of the East; Muriel Smith, the married flirt, with her atmosphere of European refinement and delicacy, strangely out of keeping with her crude, splendid surroundings. And the minor characters, even down to Gugu and Am-ma, amphibious creatures of the river, survivals of a prehistoric race, are clearly and sympathetically drawn.

Mrs. Steel's descriptions are full of feeling for the moods of nature and things human. She rarely fails to diffuse an atmosphere, to extract the emotional quality of sky, river or plain. Often her descriptions are more deeply suggestive. Telling of the garden in the Begum's old palace at Eshwara, a "pleasant place, where shady walks and orange groves cling to the river, raised above it by a balconied wall, against which the current ran dimpling," she describes the "water-maze" in the midst of the place, "a shiny lake, cobwebbed over by narrow, marble paths just wide enough for the bare, flying feet of a laughing girl." Is not the whole ancient life in the Begum's palace suggested by these lines? But suggestive as the descriptive portions of the book are, they are not always clear and distinct. Mrs. Steel does not draw a map as well as she paints a picture. And the reader, while seeing vividly bits of the scene, and feeling the mood of it all, is often puzzled to know just what is the lay of the land. Confusion in his mind, or at least a vague, groping feeling, is not seldom the result; and this is the chief blemish on an otherwise exceptionally strong and artistically wrought book.

Walter Strong Edwards.

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III.

LAFCADIO HEARN'S "SHADOWINGS."*

Even now, when Japan is definitely taking her place as a world power, the very word "Japanesque" still suggests to most of us all sorts of delightfully bizarre and incongruous things, a topsy-turvy sort of civilisation in short, admirable as a foundation for a Gilbert and Sullivan opera, but not to be taken at all seriously. The secret of the charm that we feel to such a marked degree in Mr. Lafcadio Hearn's volumes is that, in contrast to other writers, he does take the Japanese very seriously indeed. He has the rare faculty of thoroughly assimilating an alien civilisation, of looking at Oriental life through Oriental eyes, of recognising quite frankly that to be radically different from the Anglo-Saxon is not necessarily to be in any degree inferior. As a result, he is able to interpret with rare sympathy the many whimsical customs of the Japanese, in which he finds nothing ludicrous, but only a warm and enduring human interest. And with Mr. Hearn as interpreter, there are few subjects more enjoyable to read about than the people and the land of his adoption.

Shadowings is in many respects a worthy successor to his last year's volume, *In Ghostly Japan,* and, like the former volume, blends the weird and the exotic in quite an inimitable fashion. It is Mr. Hearn's wont to mingle fact and fancy in very palatable proportions, and in *Shadowings* he gives us several essays upon matters Japanesque, which obviously involve no small amount of erudition and patient research. Such are his papers upon the various species of "Semi," or Japanese singing locusts, and on the complicated etiquette of Japanese female names. But the distinctive feature of this volume is the first half, which is given up to a collection of curious old tales by native writers, weird, uncanny little stories, most of them, of ghouls and wraiths and vampires, or at least the nearest Japanese equivalents for such occidental spectres. A thoroughly characteristic tale is "The Corpse-Rider," the story of a woman who remained vindictive even after death, and whose corpse retained the power of rising after midnight and wandering forth to wreak vengeance on the man who had divorced her, and could be deterred only by his remaining seated firmly astride of her back, at a pattering gallop through the dim-lit street, throughout all the mad peregrinations on which the vindictive corpse chose to take him. Or, again, there is "The Screen Maiden," a sort of Japanese version of *Pygmalion and Galatea,* in which the hero falls in love with the full-length figure of a girl painted upon a paper-covered screen in a second-hand shop—quite an ordinary single-leaf screen, but a far from ordinary picture, since, "if the real girl so portrayed had been equally lovely, no man could have looked upon her without losing his heart." But at last the lover lures her out from the picture by the very simple and primitive expedient of giving her a name, and calling her gently by it every day until she steps forth from the frame, when the spell is completed by giving her a cup of wine bought at a hundred different wine shops. Still another curious legend, which is worthy of mention, is "The Gratitude of the Samebito," a *Samebito* being a sort of Japanese equivalent for a merman—a creature "with the body of a man, but as black as ink; its face like the face of a demon; its eyes green as emeralds, and its beard like the beard of a dragon." This particular samebito is very unhappy, having been exiled from its home in the dragon-palace; and its gratitude to the man who grants it an abode in a pond back of his garden is so great that when the man has need of a casket of ten thousand jewels as a betrothal gift, it accommodatingly weeps the requisite number of blood-red tears—and, as every intelligent Japanese knows, a samebito's tears when they fall, change to rubies of inestimable value.

These are thoroughly typical stories, and the most striking feature of them is that while distinctly weird and grotesque, they are deficient in that element of grim, insistent horror which characterises certain tales by Occidental writers like Maupassant and Edgar Allan Poe. The Japanese are proverbially a polite race, and even the most gruesome and

*Shadowings. By Lafcadio Hearn, Lecturer on English Literature in the Imperial University, Tokio. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $2.00.

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evil-minded of their national spectres seem to observe the national etiquette. It is difficult to conjure up any considerable degree of fearsomeness over ghouls and demons who, even when they do not show the finer instincts of affection and gratitude, yield docilely the instant that the correct charm is uttered in the correct way.

Mr. Hearn has an inexhaustible mine in the folk-tales of old Japan, and we heartily echo the request of his friend, Paymaster Mitchell—whose plea resulted in the present volume—for a "few more queer stories from the Japanese."

F. T. C.

IV.

Norman Duncan's "The Soul of the Street."*

This book deals, indeed, with soul, but it has nothing to do with the street. The scene of the six stories is lower Washington Street, and the characters are real individuals of Little Syria. But the author has seen in these people only those attributes which are common to fervidly sentimental humanity. We learn nothing about the special characteristics of that quarter of our city, the habits of life of the inhabitants. The point of view is not that of the realist, who, if he is faithful to his school, will allow only that degree of feeling and poetry which is inherent in his subject, and will keep, as much as he can, his own soul out of his book. Lower Washington Street has been strained so thoroughly through Mr. Duncan's temperament that in these stories it is, I fancy, the tones of the author's character and imagination which stand in high relief. It is the personal, lyric quality of the poet, rather than the impersonal transference of life into art.

These tales, therefore, are told by a dreamer and an idealist, are tales about the impalpable soul, which has no local habitation. We cannot well quarrel with poetry; and, I fancy, few of us would wish to in this case. For the subjective mood is sincere enough, the unworldly spirit is simple and charming. The author's treatment of his characters is loving and sympathetic in the extreme, and into his style he puts the same tender care. Surely any one who reads the book for the first time would feel the artistic consistency of mood in which the work is done, would feel the charm of the genuine enthusiasm for simple virtue. The conventional values of the work-a-day world are reversed. The book tends to reconcile the weary world to heartfelt obscurity.

But the note, though pure and sweet and sincere, is limited, and the restless modern spirit, pleased at the first reading, is apt to be rendered somewhat impatient at the second. Undiluted soul in large quantities is a little palling, and when I took up *The Soul of the Street* for the second time, I missed variety, modulation, moral light and shade. What had soothed me at first I passed over, in the second reading, rather impatiently, feeling that that quality had been tasted and gave no new flavour.

The character which best expresses the dominant note of these stories is Khalil Khayat, the editor of the Syrian newspaper in New York—*Kawkab El-horriah,* or the *Star of Liberty.* He is portrayed as an ingenuous, devoted old man, who loves the good and knows practically nothing of the bad. He is a dreamer and an enthusiast for the rights of man, and writes many articles instinct with the spirit of revolution against the Sultan. He loves little children, and one of the tales is that told by the editor to his lame friend, Billy Halloran, son of a drunken Irishwoman. Another story tells how the old editor voluntarily reduces his small salary so that the proprietor of the paper need not accept a bribe shamefully to change the political policy of the *Star of Liberty.*

Nageeb Fiani, violinist, the "greatest player in all the world," is another of the real persons in the "quarter" who are portrayed as beautiful, Quixotic enthusiasts. It is for music and rich, Oriental imagery; for visions of roaring lions subdued by sweet sounds, and lovely princesses; for all the vague, coloured effects, for which, perhaps, the eternal narghile was partly responsible, that Fiani waxes poetic. The contrast between this sweet, remote soul and the rough, Tammany politician is one of the best isolated points in the story of "The Greatest Player in All the World."

*The Soul of the Street. By Norman Duncan. New York: McClure, Phillips and Company.

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Besides these two characters there are the important and high-souled doctor who gave up a good practice in the East to take care of the proletarian Syrians of our quarter; the seventy-year-old janitor of the Greek Church, who counts time from the date of the death of his wife, to whom he was married for more than fifty years; the priest of dauntless soul who crushed the spirit of the wicked Wrestler in love with his neighbour's wife, and other characters, through all of whom shines the idealistic temper of the author.

It is not only in the conception of the characters, but also in the style and the things said that we find reiterated statement of Mr. Duncan's heartfelt, loving attitude. It is obvious from his language that he loves to "feel" rather than to think, that he cares only for goodness, gentleness, poetry, and deprecates anything morally or physically unpleasant.

There is a wide, blue sky and a stagnant gutter, and the eyes of men move freely in their sockets; and in the contemplation of the one there is a great lifting up, but in the other an unprofitable sickness of soul.

Here are some extracts, taken more or less at random, which express the dominantly soulful quality of the volume:

Billy Halloran was in rare, sore need of some comfort and courage—such, perchance, as may be found in a hand laid on the head in tenderness, be the touch ever so swift and diffident, and in the sound of a voice speaking softly of old, far-away things.

No man knew better than this old one the worth of a touch and a tale in the twilight.

Khayat was still as a statue, and his eyes were shining like the eyes of a roguish child playing at hide-and-seek. Ah, he is comparable only to a child—Khayat is! The spirit had taken life lease of a corner in his heart!

The rapture beneficently lingered, providing him a little dream with which to comfort himself through the evil hours of many days. . . .

The book ends thus; the editor says:

"And concerning blessedness, this I know—know for truth, though it be all I have wrested from the eternal in a long life—that it is more blessed to lighten the life of a child than—than—any—other—thing."

He leaned back in his chair—and nodded—and smiled—and nodded, and fell gently asleep, like a child; for he was an old man, and used to the world's hard knocks.

From the style of this book there is many a writer to-day who can learn a good lesson. There is nothing slap-dash about it, nothing hasty. It is done with evident pleasure in expression, and the skill of it is often quite remarkable. Sometimes, indeed, the style is too rich for our Western senses, and suggests obscure effort and almost conscious perversity of phrase. But the sentences and phrases which delight for their own sake are many, and serve well to reinforce the impression already made by characters and theme—the impression that Mr. Duncan is one of the rare modern writers who sincerely attempts to put down nothing but what is best in human nature, and what is most worked over and perfect in literary dress. There are many rough persons who would condemn both the things Mr. Duncan has done—his emphasis of "soul," his sentimentality, on the one hand, and his conscious, tender, lingering over the details of style on the other hand. But the fact remains that *The Soul of the Street* is an excellent book in a limited way—a little note that is soon exhausted, but that is pure and admirable as far as it goes.

Hutchins Hapgood.

V.

H. S. Merriman's "The Isle of Unrest."*

This novel does not depend, certainly, upon what has been called the "charm of circumstance." It is not a tale of adventure, nor does the interest hinge upon the development of some intrigue, although there is one. Neither is it a study of character. It is an attempt to make a picture of an extraordinary spot well known in history. The "isle" is Corsica. There, in the bare promenade of Bastia, the statue of Napoleon stands fronting the sea over against Elba. Napoleon's

*The Isle of Unrest. By Henry Seton Merriman. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $1.50.

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birthplace, that "land of gloomy silence and brooding quiet" (as it is called in the book), with its "overbearing, masterful, impossible people," has, it seems, laid hold upon Mr. Merriman's imagination with such effect that he easily bodies forth his impression in a story. The impression is, after all, the usual thing; we do not appreciate men or Corsica the better for this book; but the remarkable enthusiasm with which the author everywhere paints the aspects of life which have caught his eye serves for the time being to put a new name upon the business. Such warmth, spirit, vivacity, one thinks, is surely leading somewhere; but no, the last impression is only the first repeated in a slightly different key and somewhat more faintly. There was a child marked in the face with the blood of its slain father; no more of this child, from whom one fondly expected a hardy career of revenge. There was a colonel of engineers, sketched with delightful suggestiveness in Chapter II., an astonishing man; but this colonel wastes all the precious chapters that follow in a dull intrigue. There was the Count Lory de Vasselot, whose introduction at the moment of a wild rescue shows him a fine, dashing fellow worthy to take an active part in the drama of life even in hateful Corsica; yet he never again affords us anything like so vigorous an impression. And where can one find anything else in the book that is as simple, expressive and strong as the opening chapter, where, in the windy "Place" of Olmeta, the murdered agent lies by the church steps, an object of fear to the rabble lest any of them should be connected with his death; and yet, since he is dead, an acknowledged symbol of a custom in good repute. The spirit of the island is expressed in these few pages, and in so high a tone that everything that comes afterward is in the nature of an anti-climax.

The book is really a maze of vivid impressions; the succeeding pictures are often no more genuinely consecutive than the bright designs at the end of a kaleidoscope; and although the gay bits of trumpery fall into shapes that are as fascinating as you please, the time comes in the kaleidoscopic novel when one longs for continuity above all things else.

Carl Hovey.

MODELS

So memory and imagination bring
Their beauty to my dreams—for some I knew,
And some I guessed at, looking at the blue
Of the elusive sea and wondering.
Dear women with vain beauty vanishing,
I hold them for a moment in my view
And try if I may catch some little clue
To understand their mystery as I sing.
Dear women loved in fancy or in deed,
Dead loves and loves of dream, I set them there
To find one chord of all they clarion of.
But of such easel hours take thou no heed,
No, though I stripped their flushing spirits bare.
My models they, but only thou my love.

Richard Hovey.

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PERPETUATING THE PLAYERS*

In the minds of many artists and critics the three elements of naturalness, truth and commonplace seem not clearly separable and exactly divisible. For the first and the third term may each in their entirety express the second, yet how much that is truthful to nature is in its expression commonplace and tedious. There seems to be a relation, for the sake of illuminating a point, between these three terms and literature, truth and books. Assuming all of a group of writers to be truthful, either in fidelity to fact or to the principles of art, how small a proportion will produce literature and how many will evolve mere books! There are more books being written and published in these days than ever before; and for the sake of argument concede the cynic's claim that proportionately there is a smaller percentage of literature; but let this be stubbornly contended against that same cynic, there is more that is literature produced than before.

Every week and every month our libraries are growing in bulk, but they are inevitably perfecting in quality in every branch of literature. So significant is this that interested observers of each technical side of literature will imagine that his own special interest has advanced most pronouncedly. Certainly those who enjoy the study of biography—especially the lives of the men and women of the stage, with the evidence of the tremendous number of biographies, autobiographies and reminiscences which have crowded upon them asking acquaintance and shelf-room during the last four or five years—believe this form of dramatic literature must lead all others.

The library and the drama, after some estrangement, are again making up. Your dealer in rare books will tell you that private collectors are bidding for books on the drama with continually increasing avidity. After the announcements of fiction, poetry, history and politics, it is no longer necessary to weed out the new dramatic publications from the miscellaneous. This division of contemporary publication has its own individual heading, it is again (or at last?) a branch of literature.

The fact is there, let the answer be where it may—in the growth of the publishing business, the advancement of popular education, the multiplication of theatres, the elevation of dramatic standards to a plane where they draw to themselves a new and more highly cultured clientèle, or in the singular and dominant tendency, now in vogue, of actors and dramatists to go to literature, whether standard or contemporary, for characters, themes or whole stories.

This is the golden era of the drama. There is the accumulation of a magnificent though discursive past in literary drama to draw upon; extravagance has never so completely revelled in its levy on the pictorial and musical arts for dramatic expression; the perfection brought to the mechanical arts is a new and important factor to be reckoned with in realising ideals; and whether there have ever been at one time more men and women of genius to quicken the dramatist's creations is a nice question not readily yielded. This exalting condition has sent its virus through all the veins of all classes, and as books are the inevitable expression of any great and widespread interest, so naturally the dramatic library has grown apace with public interest in the stage and its people.

Among the most conspicuous recent contributions are Edward Robins's *Twelve Great Actors and Twelve Great Actresses;* Clement Scott's *The Drama of Yesterday and To-Day;* the same writer's life of Ellen Terry; Edward A. Dithmar's life of the younger John Drew; Amy Leslie's *Some Players;* and T. Edgar Pemberton's biography of *The Kendals.*

In almost every branch of literature there are those energetic delvers who saturate themselves with all that has been written on certain subjects, and

*Twelve Great Actors and Twelve Great Actresses. By Edward Robins. 2 volumes. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Some Players. By Amy Leslie. 1 volume. Chicago: Herbert S. Stone.

The Drama of Yesterday and To-Day. By Clement Scott. 2 volumes. Macmillan and Company.

Ellen Terry. By Clement Scott. 1 volume. Frederick A. Stokes Company.

John Drew. By Edward A. Dithmar. 1 volume. Frederick A. Stokes Company.

The Kendals. By T. Edgar Pemberton. 1 volume. Dodd, Mead and Company.

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pour out their accumulation into new moulds. They rarely embroider their work with any other originality than that merely formal, and no new material and even no new point of view adorns their reconstructed history. Much that they pour into their crucible is spoiled in recasting, for it loses all the flavour and charm which the contemporary point of view gave it. Yet this seemingly bootless energy is not wasted, since it is energy. It is a good sign and commendable to find these faithful servants of the elder literary masters hovering about the shelves of the past, dusting and furbishing, rearranging the old tomes, disposing them for accessibility, tilting them trickily to catch the eye.

So, while regretting that Mr. Robins gives so little that is new in his sketches of twelve great actors and of twelve great actresses, one must inevitably admire his formative skill, and behind that his wide and expert knowledge of dramatic literature. Once before he made an exactly similar excursion into this field. His *Echoes of the Play-House* was seemingly an abridgment of Dr. Doran's *Annals*. He was too well informed a student of the history of dramatic anecdote, however, not to sense the illuminating value of certain suggestive scraps from other sources which pieced in nicely. It was not plagiarism, for are not the facts of dramatic as well as of civil and political history common property and the heritage of all students?

His present volumes are bookmanship to tempt any bibliophile. But in almost all of the twenty-four sketches the feeling is given strongly that the work is merely a new *pot pourri* of Tate Wilkinson, Colley Cibber, Donalson's *Recollections*, Rogers's *Table Talk*, Lamb, *The Records of a Veteran*, Dibdin, the various reviews and the self-suggesting lives of each of the subjects. In writing of such recent players as the Booths, Fechter, Sothern, Wallack, Cushman, Neilson and Ristori, he had advantages which show themselves in the continuous freshness and informing value of the sketches devoted to these men and women.

The biographer of departed stage celebrities is at a disadvantage not shared by those who write the lives of statesmen, warriors, writers or great figures in almost any other department of public activity. The latter live in their ever-present work or the perennial result of their distinguishing achievement. Their lives, their character and method, and even their crystallized results, may be deliberately and rationally studied under the proximate influence of their achievements. Not so the actor. However illustrious he may have been, his actual greatness was transient as the words that fell from his lips, as the smile that chased away the frown, the silence which awed his hearers. Posterity's legacy is the hearsay of all this greatness. He does not live on in his work, for his work died with him—aye, before him. A chronology of his endeavours and his attainments and some traditional anecdotes sum up the tangible in the great actor's survival. When the last of his generation passed there was an end to the actor's biography. All subsequent is only recasting of the same metal.

To give a more lively originality to his topics, might not Mr. Robins with advantage have dwelt more informingly on the personal side of the people of whom he writes? He touches lightly and transiently on their public careers, when he might create an immeasurable obligation to himself by giving some attention to the early and later days and the personal side of the public characters he sets out to make familiars. Yet, after all, so scholarly a writer, so well acquainted with the equipment and the deficiency of dramatic biography, must have found his own defeat in a diligent effort toward this very end. The little that Mr. Robins tells us of departed players, beyond traditional scandal, is no doubt the result of more research than many not less sincere students would find patience to pursue.

With this well in mind, turn to Amy Leslie's voluble and valuable volume about some contemporary actors. She has done a singularly praiseworthy work for the literature of the contemporary stage. Though we founder in words, she has prepared for living readers and those to come after a quality of information which has its counterpart in no previous period of theatrical chronicle. She writes personally and intimately, never as the critic, the arbiter of standard and result, but always as the friend and confidante of private individuals, human beings, with nothing in her text

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of the cold, formal sense of remoteness which flavours so much, if not quite all else, in this branch of literary production.

Mr. Clement Scott, too, puts his reminiscences into the personal form. Though he gives us facts and fortifies himself with all manner of dates and details, as opposed to the indefiniteness of Miss Leslie, yet it is he who makes the breathing personality rise up. The personal quality which he infuses is his own personality rather than that of the people whose acquaintance we seek to make. It is the critic who is writing, and however he may have been unconscious of it or fought it consciously, he seems to remind the reader in every page that his relation to the whole subject is so conspicuous that it simply will not down.

Certainly Mr. Scott, if any living writer, has the equipment which should enable him to write the history of the Victorian drama. His experience is comprehensive. His intimacy with all the important figures on the London stage during his lifetime enables him to write with an accuracy which is readily forgiven when it seems to err occasionally, under the influence of roseate reminiscence, on the side of affectionate exuberance. There is not anything so elaborate and valuable in the class to which it belongs as his carefully studied reminiscence of the London stage during the past fifty odd years.

Mr. Scott's work is richly suggestive to an American. Filling with such nicety a gap in the English records, it emphasises the discrepancy in the chronology of the native stage. Ireland begins to recede into remoteness. It is no longer an appendix to Ireland which is needed. The hiatus for the length of time involved, the growth of national character in play production, and the individuality of the figures who adorn the past forty years of our stage, demand an integral representation in the bibliography of the stage. If William Winter—who as a stylist knows not, in the minds of many, the touch of an elbow to-day—were to bend his experience and his energies to this task, could a richer literary crown adorn the epoch?

In his life of Ellen Terry Mr. Scott presents *en brochure* a personal friend and fervid admirer's account of the career of this English artist. In the way of praise he leaves no superlative untouched. In dignified contrast is the account of the younger John Drew's performances as presented by Edward A. Dithmar. Here security of facts not less than sincerity of expression begets for the little work a confidence which will give it a permanent value. Pemberton's biography of the Kendals has more of the Scott than the Dithmar quality. Unquestionably it is a pleasant thing to be written about as their admiring friend has written of Madge Robertson and William Grimston.

In a profession where diplomatic publicity is so large a factor as in the career of an actor, a life of a player written and published during his active years appears at first not quite as it should be. The personal seems so proximate not merely in the biographer's estimation of his subject, but in the reader's as well. But time rights all that. There is no justice like the judgment of the second generation, and it will confirm or ignore what is now being prepared to it rather than for us. Meantime by all means let the preparations be kept up.

Paul Wilstach.

AN ELEMENTARY GRAMMAR OF THE SPANISH LANGUAGE

An Elementary Grammar of the Spanish Language, by L. A. Loiseaux, just issued, begins in a promising way the Silver Series of Modern Language Text-Books, edited by Professor Adolphe Cohn, and published by Messrs. Silver, Burdett and Company of this city.

In the brief preface the editor says that Mr. Loiseaux's volume is to be used both as an elementary grammar and as a practical method for the acquisition of a simple vocabulary and of the most frequent idioms of the language by young people in high schools as well as colleges. I would add that I know of no other similar book so well fitted for such a purpose.

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It consists of one hundred and sixty-nine pages in all, not counting those from 173 to 192, which are given up to the Spanish-English and English-Spanish vocabularies. In this small compass Mr. Loiseaux has condensed all the grammar that the young student of Spanish will need, and that in convenient and clear form, with sufficient examples and exercises illustrating the rules, and representing, as far as they go, the Spanish language as it is spoken and written in our day. The division of the volume into thirty chapters, assigned each to a special, well-defined subject, with an appropriate exercise, seems a plan that is likely to impart knowledge clearly. Especially commendable are the chapters on verbs, both regular and irregular, presenting the tedious subject in a comprehensive and yet perspicuous and easy way.

If it be borne in mind that Mr. Loiseaux's grammar is an elementary and practical one, that it has no further purpose than that stated by the editor in the preface, and that it is also to be supplemented by a reader, the good judgment and skill of the author will appear worthy of praise.

El buen paño en el arca se vende, says a Spanish proverb, meaning "Good cloth sells in the box"—that is, without advertising—and the proverb will, I think, prove true in the case of this elementary Spanish grammar. The first edition will probably be soon exhausted, and then the author will see to it that whatever little shortcomings may be noticed here and there do not reappear in a subsequent edition.

It will be an easy task; for he will have to recast only a very few statements in order to make them more exact or fuller, to supply occasionally an omission without taking up much more space, and to correct here and there a slip that is either his own or the printer's. Thus, for instance, the rule (p. 18, § 37), "An adjective qualifying two singular nouns is usually masculine plural," will be rendered more accurate and definite if it be made to distinguish nouns of persons from nouns of things; so will the other rule (p. 34, § 75) if it except *usted* and *ustedes.* Again, the note (p. 36, § 82) which says, "The pronoun is also joined to any verb tense," etc., ought to exclude the future tense, the conditional and the second person of the preterite. To the cases in which the preposition *á* should not be used (p. 114, § 236), those of the interrogative adjective *qué,* of the relative pronoun *que,* and of the verb *tener* would seem to deserve to be added, as being of very frequent occurrence. Foot-note 3 (p. 129) might in its present form prove misleading, as it suggests the use of the present tense instead of the proper one—namely, the first imperfect or the second of the subjunctive.

As to inadvertencies, or misprints, I have noticed (p. 11, § 25) the word *including,* which must have been meant for *included;* a certain *page* (p. 87, note) referred to followed by a blank space instead of the proper figure *con tal de que* (p. 125, § 254)—also repeated further down in the second example—where *de* has no right to be; in the first example (p. 160, § 318) *felices*—which appears translated *rich* in the opposite column—ought to be *ricos;* and *sangre* (p. 180) is marked *m*—that is, masculine—instead of *f,* feminine, as I believe it is.

If these blemishes and, perhaps, a few more be removed, and the English equivalents of the irregular verbs in the reference list (pp. 164-169) be added for the greater advantage of the pupil, the little grammar will be as nearly as possible a perfect book of its kind.

C. L. Speranza.

FOREIGN AUTHORS IN AMERICA

Part II.

The name of the Count de Volney already held a high place in French letters when he came to America in 1795, with the intention of making his home in this country. This was due in part to mental gifts of an uncommon order, in part to a fondness for controversy that had marked every previous stage of Volney's career. This latter quality had led him to a prison cell in France; and in America it soon

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embroiled him in numerous wordy quarrels. One of his opponents was no less a person than John Adams, with whom he engaged in a heated correspondence about that statesman's part in the framing of the Federal constitution. At another time he is found exchanging vitriolic letters with Dr. Joseph Priestley, who had attacked his infidel theories.

Yet in the familiar intercourse of private life Volney seems to have been a most delightful man. Washington had him often a guest at the President's house in Philadelphia, and visits which he made to Pennsylvania, Virginia, Kentucky and Louisiana won him a legion of friends. New ties and a new environment, however, were not strong enough to conquer the love of old ones, and in 1799 he abandoned the idea of becoming an American citizen and returned to France. He had intended to embody his impressions of the United States in a work on democratic institutions, but never did so; and all that came of his American sojourn was a slender brochure on the soil and climate of the country. This was translated into English by Charles Brockden Brown, the novelist, and published in Philadelphia in 1804.

One of the men with whom Volney must often have touched elbows during his stay in the States was William Cobbett, "The Contentious Man" of Bulwer's inimitable essay. An innkeeper's son, fresh from service in the English army, Cobbett had barely turned thirty, when, in 1792, he came from England to America to make the belated discovery that his conversation was equivalent to literature, and to become in a short time one of the best-known political writers of his day. Settling in Philadelphia, first as a pamphleteer and afterward as the editor of a daily paper, he espoused the cause of the Federalist party, and under the pen name of "Peter Porcupine" dealt its opponents many a powerful and sturdy blow. As a satirist he has had few if any superiors, and with such ease and readiness did he wield his stinging pen that it was not unusual with him to throw off manuscript with a rapidity that at once engaged a dozen compositors in setting up. Nothing could tire him, and Miss Mitford describes him at a much later period as the most athletic and vigorous person she had ever known, adding that "there was something of Dandie Dinmont about him, with his unfailing good humour and good spirits, his heartiness, his love of sports, and his liking for a foray."

Cobbett remained eight years in the States. Toward the end his fearless and unsparing use of his unrivalled command of invective—from the innermost recesses of the English language he drew epithets and utterances that had slept for centuries—bred a swarm of enemies who would have been glad to put him in the pillory, as was done with Defoe, or to cut off his ears, as in Prynne's case.

Instead, Dr. Benjamin Rush, whom he had effectively compared with Dr. Sangrado, brought suit for libel. This action went against Cobbett; and the fines thereof were so heavy that he determined to leave the country. In June, 1800, he sailed for England, and soon after issued in London the first number of his *Weekly Political Register*, which remained till his death, in 1835, a merciless scourge of abuses, and the constant terror of English politicians.

Once only did Cobbett return to America. That was in 1817, when for a time the hostility of his government compelled him to quit England. His second sojourn on this side of the sea was marked by a profitless effort to set on foot a reprint of his *Register*, by a brief essay in farming on Long Island, by the composition of a book entitled *A Year's Residence in America*, and by the removal of Tom Paine's bones from their resting-place at New Rochelle. Cobbett, who was a great admirer of Paine, hoped by transporting his bones to England to increase enthusiasm for the republican ideas of which he was still the favourite exemplar in print. Cobbett's action invoked unbridled ridicule on both sides of the sea, and Byron wrote of it:

> In digging up your bones, Tom Paine,
> Will Cobbett has done well.
> You visit him on earth again,
> He'll visit you in hell.

Cobbett's efforts did not produce the desired effect. Instead, Paine's remains lay in a Liverpool warehouse until after the death of Cobbett, when they were seized as part of the property of his son, who had been forced into bankruptcy.

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Their present resting-place, as before stated, is unknown.

Winter visitors to the Bermudas always have pointed out to them the house in which Thomas Moore lived while a resident of the islands. Close by this house is a calabash tree, under which he is said to have composed a number of his poems. "When the zephyrs bland," he wrote to some nameless marchioness dowager back in England,

> Floated our bark to this enchanted land,
> These leafy isles upon the ocean thrown,
> Like studs of emerald over a silver zone,
> Not all the charm that ethnic fancy gave
> To blessed arbours o'er the Western wave
> Could make a dream more soothing or sublime
> Of bowers ethereal and the spirit's clime.

Moore's pretty dream was shattered in the contact with reality. He came out to the Bermudas in 1803 as registrar to the court of admiralty, but, quick-tempered and crotchety, had hardly landed before he had half a dozen quarrels brewing, and was in hot water up to his head. At the end of two months he left the islands, and, after a brief tour of the United States and Canada returned to England.

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The records of his sojourn among us are meagre and unsatisfactory; but when it is remembered that he flitted across our land as a disappointed office-seeker, going home in disgust from the profitless realities of a supposed colonial sinecure, it is, perhaps, not strange that he saw us with jaundiced eyes, and afterward spoke of us with a bitter illiberality, which savoured strongly of the snob. "I was completely disappointed," he wrote in the preface to the American edition of his *Epistles and Odes,* "in every flattering expectation I had formed, and was inclined to say to America, as Horace says to his mistress, 'Intentata nites.' There is certainly a close approximation to savage life not only in the liberty which they enjoy, but in the violence of party spirit and private animosity which results from it. The rude familiarity of the lower orders, and the unpolished state of society in general, would neither surprise nor disgust if they seemed to flow from that simplicity, that honest ignorance of refinement, which may be looked for in a new and inexperienced people. But we find them arrived at maturity in most of the vices. . . . It is impossible not to feel that this youthful decay, this crude anticipation of the natural period of corruption, represses every hope of the future energy and greatness of America."

Poor Moore! After the lapse of nearly a hundred years one can afford to laugh at his fears, even though his prophecy set the key for several of the English visitors who came after him, and who upon their return home were moved to write books about the Americans. Noteworthy among the immediate followers in Moore's footsteps were James Stuart and Basil Hall. The former, a hard-headed yet choleric Scotsman, having killed in a duel Sir Alexander Boswell, the elder son of Johnson's biographer, found a temporary refuge in the States, and on his return to Edinburgh in 1833 published *Three Years in North America.* This book showed clear insight into our political institutions, but its strictures on our social shortcomings proved as salt and vinegar to a thin-skinned people. Hall, another Scotsman who had been a captain in the British navy, turned bookmaker after his days of active service were over, and in 1827 and 1828 travelled in the United States and Canada in quest of material. His *Travels in North America* is a wordy and tiresome work, and would now be quite forgotten were it not for the partial and hostile character of its criticisms. Where Stuart used the scalpel Hall had recourse to the bludgeon. The consequent abuse heaped upon him ended only with his death, and more than one American regarded the mental infirmity which clouded his last years as a stroke of retributive justice.

Yet neither Stuart nor Hall provoked so furious a storm of protests as greeted Mrs. Frances M. Trollope's *Domestic Manners of the Americans* when it appeared in 1831. Those who read Mrs. Trollope's book hastened to denounce it as the climax of British insolence and unfairness toward all things in America; but the present-day reader, with the attendant circumstances at command, is pretty sure to take a modified view of the matter. The author was a bright and cultivated woman, who, leaving an unpractical husband behind her in England, came to America in the hope of bettering her fortunes. Entering the country by that dreariest of doorways, the mouth of the Mississippi, she saw nothing of New England, and no place so long and so continuously as Cincinnati, then a straggling and ill-kept border town. There her affairs went wrong from the first, and she constantly encountered the anti-British spirit revived by the War of 1812, both of which facts gave her some cause for personal resentment. Moreover, the crudities and discomforts of life on the frontier offered a sharp and depressing contrast to the refined society she had left behind her. And so, when she returned to England she could not resist the temptation to hold up to the world the rude and ludicrous phases of American character.

Despite these facts there is manifest on almost every page of Mrs. Trollope's two sizable volumes a sincere desire to be truthful and moderate. She welcomes every visible token of the time when America shall "give a fair portion of her attention to the arts and graces that embellish life," and she cordially admits the beauty of our men and women, though she cannot admire their carriage, their gait of their motions in the dance; and the separation of the sexes—far more

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common then than now—strikes her painfully. She has even less tolerance for tobacco-chewing and spitting, shirt-sleeves in court and at the theatre, heels on table or window-sill, revival and camp-meeting religiosity and vulgar familiarity toward all ranks. Yet she faithfully reports both what she sees and what she is told, and as an observer few would now deny that she is honest and trustworthy. Perhaps what most piqued her subjects at the time was consciousness of the truth behind her strictures, and the wit and humour with which she pointed them.

Americans found a kindlier critic than

HARRIET MARTINEAU.

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Mrs. Trollope and, one likes to think, an abler and more impartial one, in Harriet Martineau, who, in 1834, came to America and during the next two years made a complete and almost triumphal tour of the whole country, including the South and the Mississippi Valley. She was then thirty-five years of age, the flowering time of womanhood, and had already gained recognition as the ablest woman writer in England. For this reason what she would say about America was counted a matter of immense importance. What she did say took form in *Society in America* (1837), and in *Retrospect of Western Travel*

VOLNEY.

(1838), the one as delicious a bit of gossip as can be found in our literature, the other more philosophical in tone and substance, and both so generous yet so clear-visioned that we wonder, not that they found an army of readers when they first came from the press but that they should now lie unopened on library shelves.

Miss Martineau spent an entire winter in Washington, where every member of note in the House and Senate regularly resorted to her parlours. She was a favourite with Clay, who spent many of his evenings at her fireside, and she describes him as sitting quite upright on the sofa, with snuff-box ever in hand, discoursing steadily in an even, soft, deliberate tone on any topic of American affairs that might occur, "always amusing us with the moderation of estimate and speech which so impetuous a nature has been able to attain." Webster was also there, leaning back at his ease, telling stories, cracking jokes, shaking his sides with burst after burst of laughter, or "smoothly discoursing to the perfect felicity of the logical part of one's constitution." There, too, were Calhoun, "looking as if he were never born and never could be extinguished," and the venerable Justice Story, whose talk, she tells us, "would gush out for hours, but there was never too much of it—it was so heartfelt, so lively, so various; and his face all the while, notwithstanding his grey hair, showing all the mobility and ingenuousness of a child's."

Not less piquant and delightful are the glimpses Miss Martineau gives us of the theological and literary lions of five-and-sixty years ago—Channing and Emerson. The former she describes as "short and slight, with a laugh that always came from his eyes. His first approach repelled—repelled every one; but shortly every one was as surely overwhelmed by the generous truthfulness and meek charity of the man." Emerson had not yet reached the full measure of his fame and usefulness, but Miss Martineau saw clearly what the years had in store for him. "There is a remarkable man in the United States," she writes, "without knowing whom it is not too much to say that the United States cannot be fully known. I speak of Mr. Emerson. Great things are expected from him, and great things he cannot but do if he have life and health to prosecute his course. He is a thinker and a scholar. He has modestly and silently withdrawn himself from the perturbations and conflicts of the crowd of men without declining any of the business of life or repressing any of his human sympathies."

A product of the same period as Miss Martineau's *Society in America* was the *Democracy in America* of Alexis de Tocqueville, and the one constitutes an admirable pendant to the other; for if the Englishwoman's pages afford a complete and satisfying picture of American social conditions in the early thirties, the Frenchman's book has for two generations held its own as a just and discriminating criticism of republican institutions. In truth, it is not too much to say that it still remains the best philosophical discussion of democracy, using the

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United States as an example, that can be found in any language.

But it is with the man and not the book that we are most concerned in this place. A member of the old noblesse, Tocqueville was born in Paris in 1805, received his education at the College of Metz, and studied law in his native city. In 1831 with his friend, Gustave de Beaumont, he came to America, sent hither by his government to study the penitentiary system of the country. The two young men landed at Newport and thence proceeded by steamboat to New York, where they received a cordial welcome from the best society of the period, and remained for several weeks. During their stay in New York they carefully inspected the Sing Sing penitentiary, afterward giving like attention to the prisons at Auburn, Wethersfield and Philadelphia.

When they left New York it was to journey by the way of Albany and the Mohawk Valley to Buffalo, halting on the way at Utica, Syracuse and Canandaigua, where they became the guests of John C. Spencer, the noted jurist and politician, who afterward edited the first American edition of the *Democracy*. From Buffalo they were carried by steamer to Detroit, whence they made a tour of the lakes, going as far west as Green Bay. There followed an excursion into the wilderness beyond Detroit and Pontiac, and a detour to Montreal and Quebec. Then the strangers went by the way of Lake Champlain and Albany to Boston, where they made acquaintance,

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among others, with Jared Sparks, the historian, from whom was gleaned much valuable information for future use.

Hartford, New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore in turn welcomed Tocqueville and his companion on their way to the then remote and inaccessible West. Crossing the Alleghanies in early winter, they proceeded by the way of Wheeling to Cincinnati and onward to Louisville, where they took stage for Nashville and hence to Memphis. A leisurely steamboat journey carried them from the place last named to New Orleans. Then, after a short stay in Louisiana, they returned to the Atlantic seaboard by way of Montgomery, Norfolk and Washington. It was during an extended pause at the capital that the idea first came to Tocqueville to embody his impressions of America in a philosophical treatise upon democracy. "During the last six weeks," he writes to his father from Washington in January, 1832, "when my body has been more weary and my mind more tranquil than it has been for a long while, I have carefully considered what I could write on America. It would be absolutely impracticable for one who has passed but a year in this great country to draw a complete picture of the Union. Besides, such a work would be as wearisome as it would be informative. On the other hand, it is possible, by selecting the

MRS. TROLLOPE.

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material, to present those subjects which are more or less closely related to the social and political condition of France. Such a work might have at the same time permanent and immediate interest. There is the scheme. *Voilà le cadre!* But have I the time? That is the question."

It was answered in splendid fashion. The report on prisons made by Tocqueville and De Beaumont soon after their return to France was an important document, and caused the penitentiary system of France and eventually of the Continent, to be entirely remodelled. As soon as the prisons were off his mind Tocqueville began the task he had set for himself, and in January, 1835, his *De la Démocratie en Amerique* was given to the world. The success which attended this extraordinary performance of a man of thirty, the high official honours and the almost instantaneous renown which came to the author, and the permanent and undisputed place which the book holds in literature are matters familiar to every student. Tocqueville was, perhaps, the first to see clearly that the doctrines of political equality and of the sovereignty of the people were destined to rule the world; and the interpretation he gave to his discovery placed him among the master minds of the century. No book of modern times has done more to influence the minds and thoughts of men than Tocqueville's *Democracy in America.*

Rufus Rockwell Wilson.

DRAMA OF THE MONTH

Sarah Bernhardt's *Hamlet,* the most conspicuous effort seen in the New York theatres during the month, is certainly an artistic failure. Of course, it is full of skill, as any performance by that actress must be; but when a great artist takes hold of a subject of such importance and fails not only to represent truthfully the character drawn by the poet, but even to substitute anything else of worth, no technical excellence, or any other gloss, can atone. That Madame

MARION CRAWFORD'S "IN THE PALACE OF THE KING."

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MARGARET ANGLIN IN "MRS. DANE'S DEFENCE."

Bernhardt's impertinent boy has nothing to do with Shakespeare's prince is of minor importance. That this same insignificant and nervous scamp is not important after his own kind, is a much more serious defect. It has been said that her conception of Hamlet is coherent. It can be made coherent in words, but only by using words that will paint Hamlet as a character quite too commonplace for the centre of such a tragedy. Indeed, *Hamlet,* as presented by our French friends, is not in the proper sense a tragedy at all, but rather a bizarre and spectacular melodrama. The young prince, who is about twenty-three, is an excitable, wayward, conceited, bad-mannered youth, all nerves, acting from what women love to call intuition, rather than from that ripened conviction which marked his Shakespearian predecessor. Throughout he behaves as if a stiff course in the hands of a nervous specialist would be worth the cost. Throwing a book at Polonius's stomach, pounding the heads of Rosencrans and Guildenstern together, lying in Ophelia's lap, laughing wildly in the king's face, making exaggerated starts and exclamations on every provocation, are but illustrations of the more obvious kind. Lack of comprehension, or of artistic conscience, is shown even more conclusively in ways that stand out less. For instance, in the mere search for novelty, Madame Bernhardt has the ghost in the closet scene made by an illumination of the king's portrait, with the result that her words, instead of being delivered to "the incorporeal air," are delivered directly at the prince's father, which, of course, takes away all meaning from many of the queen's comments. Another mere trick consists, in the translation of "this was your husband" and "this is your husband," of putting heavy stress in both cases on the word *votre,* and none whatever on the two forms of the verb. Such capriciousness and search for the unusual throughout take the place of an ability to act the part. Of course, the fact that a woman, and a French woman, failed to realise, in a male part, a great work of Northern imagination, is not a surprise. Garrick failed as Romeo. Would he have succeeded as Juliet?

In *La Tosca,* Madame Bernhardt shows that she retains most of her old tigress energy when she cares to use it, and more than makes up for the slight diminution by her careful management of her artistic resources. It is such a hopelessly dead and empty play that no interpretation could go far toward redeeming it, but she does what is possible. Coquelin makes Scarpia a soft, kindly and winning creature, who on the first night caused the audience to laugh when he attacked Floria, and the French comedian later defended this performance in a public interview, which surely needs no reply. His gravedigger in *Hamlet,* on the other hand, is absolute perfection

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in make-up, motion and delivery, and he plays still the father in *La Dame aux Camélias* in a way to show that he can be as faultless in some serious rôles as in his comedy parts.

This revival of the *Dame aux Camélias* brought out the greatest single acting scene which Bernhardt has given us. Through the first acts she was quieter and sadder than she used to be. In the last act she reached a height of emotional power quite beyond description or analysis. How it was that she took hold of the emotions of men and women seldom moved, and kept them with choking throats and wet eyes to the end and long after, who can tell? What portion of her great power grew from the fact that Bernhardt, looking at such truths as death and lost love, is wholly and greatly sincere, and the share which is due to mere technical ability used upon worthy subjects, cannot be determined. The combination, however, is so tremendous that it leaves this last act unsurpassed, if it is equalled, by any theatrical performance which our generation has had the opportunity to witness.

ADA REHAN AS SWEET NELL OF OLD DRURY.

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Dumas's drama is not without relationship to the best new play which the month has seen, *Mrs. Dane's Defence,* at the Empire Theatre. The themes are somewhat alike, though they lead to utterly opposite conclusions. The moral

E. S. WILLARD AS DAVID GARRICK.

of *Mrs. Dane's Defence* has more in common with the lessons of *Le Mariage d'Olympe, The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* and the French version of *Sapho.* It is the contrary of the meaning of the later version of *The Profligate* and of *The Gay Lord Quex,* if this last play has any meaning at all, which is doubtful. The theme is so lasting in the drama, because it is essentially fit for the stage. Probably the most powerful work of art which tells the story of a woman run to earth by society for the infraction of its laws is to be found in *Anna Karénina,* but Tolstoy's novel has not thus far secured its place upon the boards. It probably is unfit material for a drama. *Mrs. Dane's Defence* is much the best thing by Mr. Jones since the *Case of Rebellious Susan.* Technically, it shows all of his unusual theatrical knowledge, and it is developed without any of his obtruding sentimentality until almost the end. The last few minutes, in which a little cheerfulness of the cheapest kind is given, like a piece of candy to a child, were undoubtedly added by the author to increase the popularity of his play. The third act is the one which is relied upon to make the theatrical effect. There Mrs. Dane, whose lies have carried her safely through the danger of the two preceding acts, has to undergo the friendly cross-examination of a skilful lawyer who wishes to help her. The way that everything gradually goes against her and involves her more and more hopelessly after the first false step—the way that one lie brings others in its train—is an example of the high class of dramatic writing that Mr. Jones can do at his best. It is better than the third act of *The Gay Lord Quex,* because it relies on no meretricious devices of the playwright's arsenal, but reaches equal intensity while dealing wholly with human material. It probably will not be so successful, but nobody whose taste in the drama has passed a certain point of elevation can well afford to miss it. Nor can such a person afford to miss the acting of Miss Margaret Anglin, which is so remarkable that it makes it inharmonious to talk about the average work of the rest of the company. Some acting by players of her age reaches higher or deeper, but I never saw a performance by one so young that was as notable for finish and artistic ripeness. She acted with the refinement, intellectual taste and constant, pervading emotion which characterises her, but carried herself through the play with a knowledge of her profession that is very unusual. I have been accustomed to believe that as our young players lack training it is impossible for them to secure variety of accomplishment until late in life, if they get it at all; but this performance did a good

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deal to upset that theory, and increase my confidence in intelligent study, even in solitude. Miss Anglin calculates the whole as well as she does any part. She begins with a woman confident and normal enough to keep her secret even from the audience. Real danger in the second act frightens out of her some emotions which have been chained inside, but hope calms and moderates them. The third act is a death struggle, with alternate waves of despair and courage, and Miss Anglin carries it, with a multitude of fine gradations, up to a high emotional climax, and takes the after-piece of the fourth act with a fine discretion that keeps it from being a drop. As she has reached her present elevation not by any notoriety or trick of personality, but by the solidest kind of artistic work, it is practically certain that she has taken her place in the first rank of American actresses.

There has been some discussion about the theme of *Mrs. Dane's Defence;* whether, for instance, it is better to teach the lesson that mistakes leave marks which nothing can remove, or to maintain that love, or some other miracle, changes everything. This question, as large as Calvinism at least, perhaps does not call for a dogmatic solution, but its constant interest for the world makes it a permanently good dramatic subject, contrasting, for example, with such a play as Bronson Howard's *Aristocracy,* which has just been revived at the Murray Hill, and which, with all its theatrical knowledge, seems already far out of date because it discusses temporary social conditions, which, once passed, seem trivial. Equally below the Jones play is *Lady Huntworth's Experiment,* at Daly's, in which the author, R. C. Carton, deals out a few hours of the ordinary smartness now fashionable in England, but gives nothing that will be sufferable ten years hence. As character actors receive less than their due, while those who enact the heroes and heroines receive more, it is fair to call attention to the fact that the best work in *Lady Huntworth's Experiment* is done by Jameson Lee Finney. So, also, the only reason that occurs to me for lingering over the rather well-made spectacular melodrama, *In the Palace of the King,* at the Republic, is to say that William Norris plays a court fool in that production with unusual ability. Mr. Norris also did such good work in *His Excellency the Governor* and *The Children of the Ghetto* that if equal skill had gone into another line of parts he would be much more prominent. These injustices cannot be removed, and the pretty girl and the handsome leading man will always have the upper hand, but it is as well to do what we can to neutralise this inevitable tendency. One case of the victory of worth over popular personality, backed by strong management, has been shown in the rout of Ada Rehan and *Sweet Nell of Old Drury* by Henrietta Crossman and *Mistress Nell.* On one side stood a great name, a machine-made play, and Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger; on the other, an unknown actress, a naïve but genuine play, and no powerful backing whatever. The rivalry ended in bitter warfare, and Miss Crossman can no longer play in syndicate houses, but the signs are that she will be prospering in *Mistress Nell* long after the rival production has seen oblivion.

E. S. Willard is one of those actors whose return always gives pleasure to a class of people who are not too much catered to by the domineering influences in our theatre. His *David Garrick* I missed, but he revived the *Professor's Love Story,* and showed not only his own sweet and mature art, but Barrie's superiority at his best to any other living English playwright except Gilbert. In stage craft far below the work of Jones or Pinero, Mr. Barrie rises above them by right of inspiration and poetry. That the man who wrote *The Little Minister* and the *Professor's Love Story* should be the author of *The Wedding Guest* is a pity. Mr. Willard gives in *Tom Pinch* a perfect performance of that uninteresting creature, but the play, which has no structure and no development, omits the humour and the spectacular imagination of Dickens, and gives only his moralising.

Norman Hapgood.

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THE LITERATURE OF DANDYISM

If what has been written about Dandies is slight it has therein but the exclusiveness and exquisiteness proper to its subject. A bulky library devoted to the Dandy would be a most inappropriate achievement; it would signify that appeal to the majority which it is the distinction of the true Dandy to avoid. Yet, small as is the number of volumes from which we may refresh ourselves on this topic, so distasteful to Carlyle, it offers us a somewhat bewildering array of definitions of what it is to be a Dandy. A Frenchman, Barbey d'Aurevilly, has gone to the greatest pains in making clear to us the nature of the Dandy; aside from his life, which was itself an admirable illustration, his most memorable writing, the essay on "Dandyism and George Brummel," is a series of analysations of that delicate art of life with which I am at this effort to interest you. There is something strange in a Frenchman's being our foremost exponent of the foremost case of Dandyism, for D'Aurevilly himself avers that Dandyism "is not French . . . it is the force of English originality, imprinting itself on human vanity . . . that produces what is called Dandyism." The fact remains that this essay is the finest gem of all the sparkling things that have been written about Brummel. It is in this essay that we find the fine decision as to Dandyism being much more than "the art of dress, a bold and felicitous dictatorship in the matter of clothes and exterior elegance;" it is, instead, "a complete theory of life, and its material is not its only side;" it is "a manner of existing;" its most general characteristic is to produce the unexpected, to respect the conventions, yet to plan to outwit them. It was this Frenchman, too, who warned us so delightfully against holding Dandyism to be but a suit of clothes walking; one may be a Dandy in creased clothes; indeed, it happened once, under Brummel, that the Dandies had a fancy for torn clothes; the Austrian, Prince Kaunitz, we are reminded, was not a Dandy when he wore a satin corset, but he was one when, in order to get his hair exactly the right shade, he passed through a suite of drawing-rooms, whose size and number he had calculated, and was powdered just while he passed by footmen armed with puffs.

Brummel, of course, himself supreme as the genius of Dandyism, is supreme as the inspiration of all the best written about the particular art of life for which he stood. His heaven-born elegance, his audacity, the influence he exerted upon his period, causing Lord Byron to say he would rather be Brummel than Napoleon, have never been equalled. He is not merely the Dandy, he is Dandyism. He was utterly single in his aim; beyond Dandyism he had no other ambition; his temperament, his conduct, his wit, his vanity, his selfishness, went to that consummation and no other. "He was gifted," writes Mr. Charles Whibley, in his Introduction to *The Pageantry of Life,** "with nothing save the sublime talent of his craft, and he triumphed." This volume of Mr. Whibley's is itself an eloquent voice for the supremacy of Brummel as *the* Dandy of all time. Mr. Whibley's scope is larger than mere Dandyism, as his title implies. He includes it, but goes beyond it. His title allows him to offer for our delectation admirable essays upon Young Weston, who played tennis with Henry VIII.; upon Marshal Bassompierre and St. Simon, each in his way rival to Samuel Pepys; upon Barbey d'Aurevilly and upon Disraeli the Younger. Most of these were Dandies, yet to the detriment of their chances against Brummel, something else beside. Some wielded the sword, some the pen, some the gavel and the mace. Brummel never for a moment, Mr. Whibley reminds us, "was anything but a Dandy." Just as Richelieu might have been a Dandy, and was not, because he was also a statesman, so the younger Disraeli, splendidly as he once followed in the footsteps of Brummel, D'Orsay and others, with his "tasselled ivory cane, inlaid with gold, his flower-embroidered waistcoat, his chains unnumbered, his priceless ruffles," his "mysterious silences, his flashes of eloquence, and the bitter contempt which he cherished for his fellows," became eventually a mere prime minister, of whose Dandy period the world, but for Mr.

*The Pageantry of Life. By Charles Whibley. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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Whibley, might easily rest in forgetfulness. It was an interesting time, this of sixty or seventy years ago. The scrupulous simplicity of Brummel had been succeeded by the extravagance of D'Orsay. Upon the arena of fashionable London came Disraeli, that Jew of genius. With wit, epigram, gayety, and many other fine qualities he gained the applause of all the titled exquisites. The Jew in him showed itself in his love of splendour; he was Oriental too far to be the truest type of Dandy. From the outset he regarded life as a masquerade, Mr. Whibley remarks, and one may well add that, no matter how high he came afterward, as a contemporary with Bismarck, a great diplomat was made out of what might have been, in a vein different from Brummel's, a yet greater Dandy. He lamented the king's death, in these his Dandy days, as being "the destruction of his dress waistcoats;" he made much of his fame of being the first man to pass the Straits of Gibraltar "with two canes —a morning cane and an evening cane." He pretends to forget the name of a book he has written, remembering only some items of his apparel; he is the *poseur* to the tips of him; the *poseur* who was to be merged into politics.

In the case of D'Aurevilly, upon whom we have the essays of Mr. Whibley and the shorter one by Mr. Douglas Ainslie, prefacing the essay "Of Dandyism and George Brummel,"* the talent that tended to his failing of perfection as a beau was his gift of letters. Though he was for years the joy of the Parisian Boulevard, though his witty impromptus have earned the praise of so tried an observer as Catulle Mendès, and though his journalistic brilliance was remarkable, he tried his best to let the writer in him obscure the Dandy. It is his great good fortune that he lives to-day chiefly by his monograph on Brummel. His talent with the pen served, after all, equally with his genius in clothes, to propel him into posterity. Intended for a soldier, D'Aurevilly was driven to letters by necessity. He made his pen that of a fine Dandyism; he fought the vulgarities of his age. He seemed to see the death of politeness, the decay of manners. Paris filled him with horror for its decadence, and his own isolation. He found solace in attempts to be splendid and artistic, even though he had no funds. "He would rather dine meagrely at the Maison Dorée than gorge in a tavern," writes Mr. Whibley, and his costume, remarkably his own, included "trousers of pearl grey or white . . . and the full-skirted, tight-waisted frock coat" that the Goncourts have celebrated. The difference between D'Aurevilly and Brummel is well defined by Mr. Ainslie. "Dandyism charmed him, but rather on the intellectual than the positive side. He loved the isolation, the aristocratic reserve, the impertinent self-consciousness of the Dandy, and transferred to thought what, with such as Brummel, reveals itself in action." Brummel, in short, to continue quoting Mr. Ainslie, was a man of the world in the completest sense, while D'Aurevilly was a Bohemian and an imaginative artist, whose Dandyism appeared in his style. As his dress was flamboyant, so he took into the art of letters a similar strain; he wrote long passages in ordinary black ink, changing to red as the more passionate moments followed. I may observe here that a writer so little the Dandy as the late Eugene Field was given to the same device. Ladies were wont to take D'Aurevilly for a foreigner, and even to dub him, humorously, a *Rastaquouère*. The *rastaquouère* of Paris is the Bounder of London and New York. It would take a superfine taste to decide, in the cases of men still alive, whether their essays into Dandyism proved them more the beau or the bounder. In view of the fineness of the distinction it is not so wonderful that the Frenchman who best understood, or, at any rate, most finely eulogised Brummel, should himself have run to such an opposite of attire.

A deal of writing exists on the subject of Beau Brummel, of which I hold the Whibley pages in *The Pageantry of Life* to rank, in primacy, with the D'Aurevilly essay. It would be pleasant, however, if we had also the acting version of Mr. Clyde Fitch's play, *Beau Brummel*. That comedy strays so little from the generally accepted legends concerning the Beau, and Mr. Richard Mansfield's interpretation of the man has served to bring home the picture to so many whom historical figures usually leave cold, that I think the printed play would be a dis-

*London: J. M. Dent and Company.

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tinct acquisition to our Brummel literature. It would crystallise the legends, centralise the effect. One who has observed the minute elaborations of Mr. Mansfield's toilette in this part can better understand the character than one who has not. Indeed, it is not too much to aver—and I who write am judging from intimate, not hearsay observation—that Beau Brummel remains the figure that has most indelibly impressed itself upon this particular player, ousting, at times, whatever else of individuality he may own or assume. The *Beau Brummel* in which history, Mr. Clyde Fitch and Mr. Mansfield conspire to the pleasure of the present, should be accessible to readers as well as to playgoers. Mr. Fitch's other plays are accessible in print; let him add this one, and so gain the applause of the few.

Most amusing of all that has been written of Dandyism is the *De Natura Barbatulorum** of Mr. Max Beerbohm. How delightful is that air of his with which he dismisses Carlyle's chapter on Dandies as one of the worst things he ever wrote, and finds, in Carlyle's hat, still preserved in Cheyne Walk, an important clue to the ignorance on clothes that dictated that Chapter! Mr. Beerbohm's definitions of Dandyism are worth all attention. When he avers that "true Dandyism is the result of an artistic temperament working upon a fine body within the wide limits of fashion," he gives us a very handy and modern verdict. He points out that each age has its symbol in its fashions, each mood its possibility in outward expression. He preaches, in fact, what is now become more and more obviously the only Dandyism possible, the Dandyism that conforms to the individual personality and excludes all the arbitrary dictates of fashion. Mr. Beerbohm himself admits the influence of moods and circumstances. "I have gone to bed Georgian and awoke Early Victorian." Can you fancy anything more dandily phrased? Mr. Beerbohm, to be sure, is too famously the essayist and the caricaturist to be admissible into perfect Dandyism; yet, in virtue of the entertaining things he has written on this score, he deserves all the honour that worshippers of the Dandy can bestow. He brings us, moreover, into touch with the actual present. He finds the bowler of Mr. Jerome a perfect preface to his writings, and to have seen Mr. Hall Caine is to have read his soul; "melodrama crouches upon the brim of his sombrero." He suggests that in the perfection of Dandyism the affinity between the soul and the costume might reach such a point that the latter would change with the wearer's whim. In support of which he cites the pleasant fancy of having himself been witness to a strange thing that happened when a noble lord at the club received news of his losses on that day's races. "I saw, with wonder, Lord X.'s linen actually flush for a moment and then turn deadly pale. I looked again and saw that his boots had lost their lustre. Drawing nearer, I saw that grey hairs were beginning to show themselves in his raven coat. It was very painful. . . . In the cloak-room, when I went for my own hat and cane, I saw again the hat with the broad brim, and lo! over its iron-blue surface little furrows had been ploughed by Despair."

Despite the completeness with which the newest volume in the shelf labelled Dandyism—Mr. Whibley's—touches the subject and its neighbourhood, there still remain for the historian of Dandyism several figures not yet properly chronicled. One of these is the late Oscar Wilde. The early due of fame that came to him, as a person and as a writer, were all in the interests of Dandyism. Where others had chosen severe simplicity he reverted to the Oriental, as D'Orsay, D'Aurevilly and others had done. No man who, aside from his own writings, has indirectly contributed to art and letters the Du Maurier sketches of æstheticism, and the *Patience* of Gilbert and Sullivan, can be omitted from our present consideration. The pose, the insincerity, of Wilde were no more virulent than that affected by all the great Dandies. Brummel invented a cravat; Wilde revived the glories of peacock feathers, velveteen and sunflowers. Like Scrope Davies, the beau whom Brummel outshone, Wilde died in poverty in Paris. Like Beau Nash, he made elegance his income. The boredom, the weariness and the vanity of true Dandyism were all his. In his efforts to make a propaganda of his beliefs in behalf of Beauty, he deviated from the true Dandyism; he should have com-

*The Works of Max Beerbohm. John Lane.

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pelled, not cajoled. Yet, with all his defects from perfection as a Dandy, he impressed himself upon the Eighties of the nineteenth century quite as sharply as did Brummel upon an earlier period.

It is to Wilde that we owe an essay on "Pen, Pencil and Poison,"* that ranks upon the shelf with what else has been mentioned here. He tells us that Thomas Griffiths Wainewright, the friend of Charles Lamb, was Dandy as well as poisoner and artist. "Like Disraeli, he determined to startle the town as a Dandy, and his beautiful rings, his antique cameo breast-pin, and his pale, lemon-coloured gloves were well known;" he "sought to be somebody rather than to do something. He recognised that Life itself is an art, and has its modes of style no less than the arts that seek to express it." That entire sentence, by the way, might serve as the text, the incentive, the keynote of the entire Whibley volume, *The Pageantry of Life*. Wainewright himself proved his title to being a Dandy at a most critical time. In prison he says: "I have been determined through life to hold the position of a gentleman. I have always done so. I do so still. It is the custom of this place that each of the inmates of a cell shall take his morning's turn of sweeping it out. I occupy the cell with a bricklayer and a sweep, but they never offer me the broom!" That touch, if nothing else, ranks Wainewright in the category that holds Brummel in delirium at Caen, and the squalid deaths of Beau Nash, Scrope Davies and Wilde himself.

Upon the head of Beau Nash, and his strange reign at Bath, in the days of the pump-room, we have pages of all sorts. None is finer or firmer, as a delicate etching of the time and its air, than the *Monsieur Beaucaire*, lately written by an American, Mr. Booth Tarkington. The fact that under Nash elegance became general and democratic puts him in the second rank of Dandies, yet his career is none the less entertaining. "Elegance," as Mr. Whibley has it, when Nash was master of ceremonies, "was sold over the counter." Beaux became common at Bath; the talent of exclusiveness was vulgarised for the profit of Nash. Himself he was the least entitled to be called a beau of any of his time. Display was all he attempted; a white hat and six grey horses to a chariot are all one can find as his distinction. Yet his autocracy need not stretch our credulity. We have only to leave Dandyism for politics, the past for the present, to find a similar case. Mr. Richard Croker is, in all the attributes of wit and wisdom, no more qualified to hold a position of power than was Beau Nash; yet the unofficial regiment of the one was no less strenuous, no less successful to the private purse at least, than is that of the modern instance.

No book approaches more nearly a compendium of Dandyism than does *The Pageantry of Life* by Mr. Whibley, yet he brings us no nearer to the actual present than the period when Disraeli could still be counted the Dandy rather than the statesman. De Grammont, Bassompierre, St. Simon and D'Aurevilly in France; Beau Nash, Chesterfield, Brummel, D'Orsay—of all these Mr. Whibley gives us pleasant, scholarly, appreciative glimpses. "And to-day is Dandyism dead?" asks Mr. Whibley. He holds it, if not dead, at least obscured, eclipsed by the brilliant light which beats upon the throne from a thousand newspaper offices, and insists that it faces a harder task than that which confronted Brummel; since a common frock coat "is a more stubborn material than the blue coat and Hessians which distinguished the greatest of all Dandies." But the Dandy, I think, despite Mr. Whibley's pessimism, will never quite die. As long as the qualities of vanity, of wit, and of exclusiveness prevail in the world, men will find outward emblem of them for their own adornment. In the dying year of the nineteenth century it was noted, by such as observe the externals of the town, that the Horse Show at Madison Square Garden, the display-ground for our gorgeous males and females, as well as for our most simple aristocrats, gave prophecy of the passing of the frock coat. So, perhaps, our dandies will evade Mr. Whibley's difficulty in the simplest manner; they will create their symbol of temperament by garments that yield more easily than the frock. Indeed, it becomes evident, with each passing year, in London as in New York, that the stiffness of a rigorous fashion is gone; each individual may now seek for symbol of himself within limits not too

*Intentions. Dodd, Mead and Company.

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lax, not too narrow. We are come to an age when the average of Dandyism, in externals only, is high. The offence to the eye, in male apparel, either of extravagance or shabbiness, is rare on Fifth Avenue. The individual, the pre-eminent Dandy, to be sure, is rare. Yet I think Mr. Whistler and Mr. George Francis Train, both Americans, fill the description, each in his way. The Parisian hat, the reed-like cane, the biting speech of Whistler, are known on both sides of the British Channel; were he not so great a painter, so keen a controversialist, there can be no doubt he would be a magnificent Dandy, quite of the olden time. Mr. Train, with his tropical suit of all white, his face coppery as an Indian's, his magnificent hair, his scarlet huge *boutonnière,* has equally many traits of true Dandyism; the eccentricity, the egoism, the exclusiveness, are all his. There is, in fine, no reason why one of proper gifts and enthusiasm should not do for this period what Mr. Beerbohm has so amusingly done for "1880," in his paper so titled, also a contribution to the literature of Dandyism. With the sufficient incentive, the gauntlet thrown by the right hand, I should be by no means averse to this effort; however little an optimist in general, I am sure I could prove the present age quite as interesting, quite as charming, from the point of view of Artists in Life, as any of its predecessors. The social vogue that Art, at the impetus of Mr. Wilde, held in 1880, has its nearer manifestations; one might well find counterparts for Mr. Beerbohm's "My Lord of Dudley, the virtuoso," and all the celebrities who were wont to come to private views of pictures twenty years ago. In 1880, as our author reminds us, we saw the curious episode of women being the exquisites of the time; the Professional Beauty then first found fame. It was, perhaps, the only period when men were not the real artists of life and its expression. Here, too, we owe to Mr. Beerbohm the inclusion of a paragraph on the set we now scarce remember, save in the police reports, as Mashers. "What exactly this title signifies I suppose no two etymologists will ever agree. . . . Unlike the Dandies of the Georgian era, they made no pretence to any qualities of the intellect, and, wholly contemptuous of the æsthetes, recognised no art save the art of dress. Much might be written about the Mashers. The Music Hall was unknown to them, but nightly they gathered at the Gayety Theatre. Nightly the stalls were filled with row after row of small, sleek heads, surmounting collars of monstrous height." The finiteness of all mere fashions, whether in men, creeds or clothes, is exemplified by the Mashers. To-day the word still exists, but we have quite ceased from using it in the way of Mr. Beerbohm; the verb "to mash" has survived, gathering odium with age, while the noun is become obsolete. The word "fop," used to-day, bears a certain stigma, though purists can still claim it as fit and proper. The American word "dude," employed mostly with as opprobrious an intent as pertains to "masher," is another witness to the briefness of the glory that comes to mere aping after the true Dandyism. The Fops, the Mashers, the Dudes, were alike conspicuous in elimination of the intellectual from their manner of life. The grand mutation that goes on in language testifies to the result; fop stands for a something effeminate and finicky; masher applies to the professional ogler at women; dude remains the last stone the yokel can fling at the dweller in towns. As actual battalions in the army of Dandies, Fops, Mashers and Dudes are equally extinct.

The historian of Dandyism at the turn of the nineteenth into the twentieth century will have to rid himself, at the outset, of many maxims that obtained in the past. Dandyism to-day finds its expression most fitly in variety and in adaptability to the conditions of this sport or that pleasure. The man who is perfection alike at the opera and in the polo game, on coach or race-course, in automobile or yacht, must come most nearly to the present possibility of being a Dandy. Sport, on the other hand, was the bane of the Dandies of other times. Chesterfield "hated the country, and he loathed field sports." His will imposed a fine upon his heir should he frequent Newmarket, and as for game, he counselled it as an edible, "but do not be your own butcher and kill it." There is a narrowness of view, an obliqueness of argument, in that sentence that explains how far Chesterfield was from having wit enough to be himself a really great

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Dandy. Than Francis Weston Mr. Whibley would seem to have found few fitter for the title Dandy, yet Weston was the best player at tennis and the greatest gambler of all who played and gambled with Henry VIII. To-day, vastly more than under Henry VIII., sport is supreme. He will rank nearest the Dandies of fame who will address himself to all the many facets of modern fashionable life with the most of that "exquisite propriety" that Byron found the only remarkable thing in Brummel's appearance.

The chronicler of our present Dandyism must by no means omit the period, just before the close of the nineteenth century, when the fiat of the First Gentleman in Europe produced the reign of shabbiness. The mob having assumed too successfully a semblance of correctness in externals, and the wit for personal expression being to seek—quarrel with the interpretation if you like; it is all my own!—the Prince decreed that there was to be an era of "old clothes." The action proved the interval between the present and the day when George IV. said, "I care nothing for the mob, but I do for the Dandies!" One may fancy that the test of wearing shabby clothes was a somewhat severe one; none but the supreme Dandy can wear an old coat with the proper air. A recourse to shabbiness is, to be sure, the least original, the easiest of all possible escapes from imitation by the mob, yet it is indubitably a frequent and accepted refuge. So cheap an epigrammatist as Mr. Frankfort Moore proved himself in *The Conscience of Coralie*,* a novel that deserves nothing but oblivion, makes one character remark of another, "No matter how shabbily he is dressed, he never looks like a gentleman." I quote the phrase merely to bear me out anent the recent run on shabbiness for gentlefolk.

Fitly, as I come to the end of this essay to give some notion of what are the pleasantest of the writings on Dandies, I may cite the ends reached by some of the great Dandies of history. Young Weston was hanged by the jealous King Henry VIII.; the Prince de Ligne, more philosopher than man of fashion, but still astonishing Vienna with his grey coach and white horses to the last, died with "all men's eyes upon him, and amid the gayeties of the Congress" of 1815 in Vienna; Beau Nash died in squalor; there is nothing more pathetic in literature or the drama than the closing of Brummel's life. The pathos of this sort of decay can be brought nearer home; we have only to recall how the journals of New York once vied with one another to catalogue the clothes of Berry Wall and then consider the immunity with which Mr. Wall may now defy the popular curiosity. Wainewright was transported to Tasmania for murder and forgery; Disraeli became prime minister; and the instigator of *Patience* survived its composer but a week or so, his death as horrible a thing as the death of Verlaine.

From D'Aurevilly, as Mr. Whibley reports him, one may gather as fine bouquets as any that have yet, in any age, been thrown at Dandyism. He hated foppery nowhere save where it lacked wit. That, I hold, is the crux of the whole matter. "You can be a Dandy in a ragged coat," he said; "it is a certain manner of wearing it that makes the Dandy!" And this no Spirit of Democracy can take from us, no Age of Machinery annul. Always, whether it be "in the Row that men call Rotten," or under shadow of Fifth Avenue's colossal amalgams of blood and brick and iron, we may forego our dinners for the sake of violets in the buttonhole, and eschew mere profit for the sake of a stroll in the sunshine of men's appreciation. Millionaires may grow on every corner, but the true exquisite can never be turned out by the gross. The East Side of New York may grow to be nothing but a hive where they make clothes for millions; but the art of wearing them is a thing you can neither buy nor sell. As you can kill neither the ambition nor the aristocratic dreams of the individual in any ever so material an environment, so you can never quite destroy the Dandy. He is immortal; and immortal, therefore, is also the Literature of Dandyism.

Percival Pollard.

*H. S. Stone and Company, Chicago, 1900.

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BOOK-HUNTING IN ROME

The chief book marts of Europe are an old story to veteran collectors. In London, Paris, Berlin, Leipsic they have their favourite haunts or trusted agents. Pleasant memories of hours in quaint and musty stalls, in bright and business-like shops, and in gloomy and cavernous storehouses recur as one of them names these cities, or fondles the treasures acquired in each. And to the younger amateur whose experiences have not led him as yet into these happy hunting-grounds of his chosen pastime, the peculiarities of the great centres, the names of the great dealers, and the possible results of searches in the minor shops have become well-worn and familiar themes.

Rome and the other Italian cities are not so well known as fields for the harvest of old and rare books. And truly they have been stripped sadly of their treasures by greedy agents and skilful collectors. One can still glean here after the reapers to no small advantage, however, despite the ravages of the spoilers of Italy in this as in many more important matters. There are three or four firms in Rome, mostly Germans, whose catalogues find their way even to America, and they control, of course, the best things in the local market. With them dealers and bibliophiles are familiar, and I do not propose to exploit their wares. It is of opportunities for the individual book-hunter, especially for him of limited purse and unlimited zeal, that I propose to write. Nor do I wish to go into the matter of auctions, which in Rome, as generally elsewhere, result from the death of some collector or dealer. It is enough to say that there are a few each year, and that important sales are heralded widely and attended by agents of all the important European houses.

There is no particular quarter in Rome where the booksellers congregate. There are more of them in the crowded district between the Corso and the Tiber, south of the Via dei Pontifici and north of the Corso Vittorio Emmanuele than anywhere else, although they are to be found between the Corso and the Quirinal, on the Via Nazionale, and even on the Esquiline. One runs on them in the most unexpected places, and they range from the large and well-appointed collections of the German firms to a few dozen books strung along the sunny side of a church. And none of them is to be despised, for one never knows what may turn up in them. I purchased a very early Giunta out of a basket of popular songs and dream books in a sunny corner once, while a friend of mine one day picked up the life of the first Bishop of Connecticut from a similar heap alongside the Church of St. Andrea delle Frate.

One of the sights of Rome is the market or fair, sometimes dubbed "rag fair" by tourists, which takes place every Wednesday in the Campo di Fiori. Here, where Bruno was burned and where his bronze statue now stands, are gathered vendors of every imaginable article, not omitting books. The smaller dealers send a cart-load of books to the fair on Wednesdays, and many a pawnbroker and ragpicker adds his contribution to their more respectable wares. Books of every conceivable sort and value are displayed on rough tables and in carts, while a crowd jostles all day around them. One should have good care of his pocket-book and a gift for good-natured bargaining if he would buy at the Campo di Fiori, and to secure anything of value he must rise betimes, for the agents of the more important houses skim the cream of the market at its first opening.

The "fly-by-night" bookshop is not infrequently discovered. Some dealer in old junk, some purchaser of an estate, or some shrewd bookseller with a small income rents a store on a busy street for two or three weeks, attracts a crowd by posters and signs, sells out his stock and is gone before you have become accustomed to finding him there. Most of his wares are veritable trash, but if the hunter has the fortune to arrive soon after the place opens, he may make some finds. It is always wise to be on the lookout for these birds of passage.

Occasionally one comes across a small *bottega,* where a dealer displays such of his wares as he wishes to dispose of or thinks will sell, while a *magazzino* behind is carefully sealed from inquiring eyes. Chancing to enter such a place near the Chamber of Deputies one day I was ignominiously turned out of the back room,

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piled nearly to the ceiling with books. Nor could any representations or entreaties change the determination of the owner. "Signore, if you wish any of *these* books, buy; but no one enters my *magazzino*. Yes, you Americans are very practical, but it is my custom." Another time, however, a different excuse kept me from the storeroom. It was beneath a church, and the wares above tempted me to explore. But no. "The signore is without doubt an American, a heretic! A thousand pardons! He cannot come in here. The good fathers would turn me out forever." Then, confidentially, "Only tell me what you want, and I'll bring it out." And so he did, a very early edition of Josephus it was, too, well worth the trouble, to say nothing of the fun.

Perhaps the richest of all these shops to the inquisitive collector is a shabby corner near the Collegio Romano, where a large fat man and his short fat wife keep a sort of clearing-house for old books. Where they buy them, no one can guess, but new stock constantly makes its appearance, is culled over, sold at a small price, and then the remnant goes for old paper. It is haunted, this shop, by priests, collectors and students, and the jovial proprietor seems to cater equally to the schoolboy who is looking for an arithmetic and to the lover of Aldines and old bindings. Such bargains as may occasionally be met here will tempt the book lover to take his afternoon walk pretty constantly in this direction.

I might run on indefinitely about these curious old shops, but what of their contents? Most of the books are the veriest trash, more discouraging to a booklover than any accumulations he ever saw in this land. But there is much to attract the student, the bibliophile, and any one interested in the history of printing and what I may call "commercial" binding. An Aldine is an Aldine, whether it be a first edition or no, and a Stephanus or Froben or Grypphus may be equally illustrative of the work of those houses, whether it be a most ordinary work or a famous rarity. It is some satisfaction to own a book printed in Italics, or in his famous Greek type, under the eye of the first Aldus himself, by his son at Rome, or by old Luca Antonino, the founder of the Giunta family. And it is a pleasure to get a few fifteenth-century works even if they are not famous or remarkable. The clear-cut type, the firm, heavy paper, the ink, black as when the sheets were pulled from the press, of these fifteenth-century books make one heartily weary of pulp papers and inks that fade with the very printing.

Of the old books, strangely enough, works on canon law and the decretals seem to be the most numerous. Next come editions of the classics and hosts of sixteenth-century tractates of all shapes and sizes. Greek books are scarce, but Latin ones are too numerous to excite attention. Italian literature naturally holds the first place, with Cantu in a succession of voluminous editions most in evidence. French and Spanish books come next, while English and German ones are almost unknown except at one or two shops which make a specialty of them.

Of the early and famous printers, the Germans are but slightly represented, and the same thing is true of the Dutch and English presses. French and Swiss publishers divide the field with those of Italy. One exception should be made in favour of the Plantin Press, of Antwerp, examples of whose work are easily secured. The extraordinary number of the printing presses of Northern Italy, especially at Venice and Florence, before the baneful work of the Index and the Inquisition ruined publishers and authors, and stayed the flood of books, can best be appreciated by the remnants of their work which still crowd the stalls and shops in Rome. Elzevirs seem not to have found their way south in large numbers, or possibly they have all been purchased and do not often get into the shops.

A word as to prices. They will vary most unaccountably with the shop, the temper of the dealer, and the linguistic ability of the purchaser, together with such indications of the length of his purse as the dealer can gather from the dress, equipage or manner of his customer. Such a thing as a fixed price exists in only one or two shops. A knowledge of Italian, and the ability to make ever so poor a joke will reduce the price in an extraordinary fashion, just as broken French and a hasty temper will

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increase it and hold it fast to its extravagant size. As a rule, fifteenth-century books of any sort cost from twenty-five to fifty francs, and if they are finely bound or in good condition the ultimate price will not be far from one hundred francs at the least. For later books it is all a matter of chance, of knowledge of their true value on the dealer's part, and of persistence on the purchaser's. He may get his treasure for a few coppers, or he may pay twice its value. He must *mercanteggiare,* "bargain," however much he may dislike to do so, unless he be a Crœsus or a fool.

In Rome one may revel in parchment bindings of all sorts. Few other leathers have been used to any great extent. Much of the work is extremely plain, merely a half or full parchment binding with lettering in ink. Occasionally, however, a fine specimen of tooling will turn up; and if it does not bear the arms of some pope or cardinal it generally can be got cheaply enough. Books bound for the popes, with the tiara, keys and arms of the pontiff in gilding on the sides, sell at round prices, but cardinals have been so much more common that their armorial bearings and cardinals' hats are not so highly rated, unless the work is inlaid in morocco. There are certain characteristics which very clearly distinguish the bindings of different epochs, and these soon become so familiar to the book hunter that he passes over late works without inspecting them carefully, unless the paper betrays an old book in a later binding.

Not infrequently you may come across books in these stalls in which the name of the author or editor, of the publisher, and even of the place of printing, has been blotted or cut out. Occasionally the attempt has been a failure, and the poorer ink used to blot out the name has faded, leaving the printer's ink still visible. These names so ruthlessly concealed were those of heretics, generally Swiss or Germans. No one dared to expose these books for sale or to own them without this precaution, and probably also the permission of the ecclesiastical authorities. I have books in which the names of Erasmus, Beatus Rhenanus, and the publisher Froben are so treated, and I have seen literally hundreds of others. In most cases the objectionable person was simply an editor or publisher. When he supplied the subject-matter also, his books were more summarily dealt with, as he would have been could he have been caught.

Rome, then, is by no means a wholly barren and despoiled field for the collector who loves to gather himself the books which he puts on his shelves. She may not yield to the wealthy collector of almost priceless rarities any returns for his pains in searching, but the more modest and humbler lover of old volumes will find the old city a rich and profitable source of pleasure.

William W. Bishop.

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LITERARY PARIS

The last days of the year 1900 were marked by an event of real importance in the literary life of France. The company of the Théâtre Français resumed possession of its home. In considerably less than a year after the fire that destroyed the old house a new Maison de Molière, with only the outside walls left of the former Théâtre Français, opened its doors to the public. The occasion brought forth a good deal of poetical enthusiasm. Richepin wrote a fine prologue, which was recited by the "doyen" of the Comédie, Mounet-Sully; and the veteran tragedian received the cross of Officier de la Légion d'Honneur, an honour never before bestowed upon any member of the theatrical profession. Needless to say that the house was packed from top to bottom. It was "une soirée historique," as the Parisians say. Even the members of the company who had left the stage years ago, Febvre, Delaunay, etc., came to make once more their bow before the public. In the history of the celebrated house the date of December 29, 1900, will be long remembered.

After La Comédie, l'Académie. The question of the reform of French spelling has moved one step farther toward a temporary settlement. I mentioned some time ago the changes which had been decreed by the Minister of Public Instruction, and the attitude taken by the Academy toward the sweeping innovations of the ministerial pronouncement. The Academy's warning has been heeded. The report presented in its name by M. Gabriel Hanotaux was forwarded to the Conseil Supérieur de l'Instruction Publique, which decided that all the changes approved by the Academy would be introduced at once, and that a committee would discuss with the committee of the Academy all the points on which no agreement exists between the two bodies. But it is understood that there will be little real discussion, and that the Academy will be allowed to have its way—a very wise solution, for the public looks to the Academy a great deal more than to the Conseil Supérieur for directions in the use of the French language. We may, therefore, before long expect the publication of a new edict, which will supersede the one published in the *Journal Officiel* of August 1, 1900. In respect to this now famous "arrêté," I wish to say that a number of lovers of the French language have of late asked me where its full text could be found, and now I inform all those interested in the question that they will find that text in the issue of November 15 of the *Revue des Cours et Conférences*.

The visit to Paris of Marie Barkany, which I mentioned in my last article, was soon followed by a visit of another great foreign tragédienne, the celebrated Charlotte Wiehe, the Danish actress, who gave a series of performances. Another great Scandinavian visited Paris at the same time, no other than Björnstierne Björnson himself, who is while in Paris to complete a great drama on which he is now at work, *Laboremus*.

Another piece of information likely to be received with delight by all lovers of literature is, that Edmond Rostand has entirely recovered his health, and that he is already hard at work on three different undertakings. One, I understand, is an adaptation of Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*, which has never had a good stage rendering in French. Another is a dramatisation of *Quo Vadis*, not, indeed, due to him entirely, but which he has agreed to look over and overhaul, if necessary, in order to make it a success, and it is an open secret that the part of Petronius will be acted by Coquelin. The third and most important is a great play, with a very long list of characters, known provisionally by the following title, *Le Théâtre*. As a book, *L'Aiglon* has proved a greater success even than *Cyrano;* although it has been out a few weeks only, more than one hundred and sixty-five thousand copies have already been sold!

Of the books recently issued the first to be mentioned is a beautiful volume published by H. Oudin, *Un Siècle; Mouvement du Monde de 1800 à 1900*. It is, of course, a review of the work achieved by the nineteenth century. The tendency of the book is decidedly in favour of the Catholic Church. It opens with a few words by Pope Leo XIII. himself, and ends with a paper, *Vers l'Unité*, due to the pen of Cardinal Rich-

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ard, Archbishop of Paris; of the other thirty-two papers, no less than four are by Catholic priests, and there are two, besides, by Étienne Lamy and by Brunetière, each of whom at times has been alluded to as "nonce laïque." The book is divided into three parts, devoted respectively to political and economical movement, intellectual movement and religious movement.

A companion book to *Un Siècle* is a book by Monseigneur Baunard, *Un Siècle de l'Église de France,* and if one would add to it M. A. de Coulanges's biography of Father Didon, and M. Max Turmann's *Le Catholicisme Social,* one would know pretty accurately how the most intellectual part of French Catholicism stands on most of the questions of our time.

Historians have not been quite so active this month as the month before, but this has been compensated by great productiveness on the field of literary criticism. Brunetière heads the list with a volume of *Discours Académiques,* a reprint of his own *Discours de Réception,* of his answers to new members, of his famous report on the *Prix de Vertu,* etc.

M. Léon Levrault, to whom we owe a very conscientious study on *Le Roman,* is a disciple of Brunetière; he studies the various transformations of the novel, using the method described and employed by Brunetière in his *Evolution des Genres* and in his great work on French lyric poetry of the nineteenth century.

M. Rémy de Gourmont belongs to quite a different school. He is the most thoughtful expounder of the views of the later poets of France. The volume he now publishes, *La Culture des Idées,* happily supplements a book published by him over a year ago, *L'Esthétique de la Langue Française.*

With M. Philippe Monnier we cross the Alps. His book, *Le Quattrocento,* is a study of Italian intellectual life during the fifteenth century.

And I should mention here the publication in France and in French of Edmund Gosse's *History of English Literature,* and also a new and very cleverly presented and elucidated verse translation of Dante's *Divina Commedia,* by M. de Margerie. Among books of historical narrative, the most extensively read is sure to be *Dix Mois de Campagne chez les Boers.* The author is an ex-lieutenant of the heroic and ill-fated Villebois-Mareuil. His book is, of course, favourable to the cause for which he fought, but it is not all praise; criticism is found mingled with eulogy, and enhances the value of the latter. M. Georges Bry studies in a somewhat more austere tone the enemy whom the Boers are fighting, in his *Histoire Industrielle et Économique de l'Angleterre,* and will not have many readers among those who are in search especially of thrilling adventures; but they will turn for what they want to the memoirs of Fleury de Chaboulon, published with the annotation which Napoleon himself wrote on the manuscript. It was his conversation with Fleury on the island of Elba which determined Napoleon to undertake in 1814 the reconquest of France, and which was the beginning of the startling historical episode known as the hundred days.

Another Napoleonic book, beautifully illustrated, in fact written to a certain extent for the sake of the illustrations, is *Les Maréchaux de Napoléon,* by M. Gérard de Beauregard.

Among the other illustrated books, very numerous, of course, during the holiday season, I shall mention Louis Gonse's contribution to a great work on *Les Chefs-d'œuvre des Musées de France.* He writes on painting; Émile Bayard's *La Caricature et les Caricaturistes,* which opens with a very curious illustrated preface written by Léandre, and Arthur Loth's *Les Cathédrales de France.* André Laurie, one of the "aliases" of Paschal Grousset, gives to the French boys, young and old, an exceedingly bright volume, *Le Tour du Globe d'un Bachelier,* while MM. Gaston Cerfbeer and Marcel Ramier undertake a much more ambitious task in their *Dictionnaire de la Femme.*

Novelists have been far from idle. Bourget publishes a volume of short stories, *Un Homme d'Affaires,* etc., and begins a serial, *Le Fantôme,* in the *Revue des Deux Mondes;* Léon Daudet gives us also a novel, *Les Deux Etreintes,* and Gyp one of her bitterly ironical sketches, *La Paix des Champs.* Marcel Prévost scores a success with his new novel, *L'Heureux Ménage.* But still more successful is Édouard Schuré's idealistic

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narrative, *Le Double*. Finally, attention is called upon a new writer who seems likely to have a brilliant career, Camille Pert, the author of *Charlette*.

In the magazines and reviews American readers will be interested in Brunetière's description of *L'Ame Américaine* in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of December 1, the brightest, albeit here and there erratic, paper the celebrated critic ever wrote. But the most important contribution to periodicals of the kind is certainly the history of the Coup d'État of Brumaire 18 by Albert Vandal. It appears in *Le Correspondant*.

Adolphe Cohn.

BOOKMAN BREVITIES

"The Inn of the Silver Moon."

The Inn of the Silver Moon, by Herman Knickerbocker Viele, is one of those long short stories which seem to be growing in favour. It is a fanciful bit of writing, full of charm and humour. Mr. Viele has French ancestors, and therefore it is quite natural that *The Inn of the Silver Moon* should have a French background. The story tells of the adventures of one Achille Vifour. When we first behold him he is in the act of hurling a book into space in consequence of a letter which he has received and which tells him that he is betrothed to a woman whom he has never seen. The book hits two young women bicyclists, and when he sees the face of one of them, "it was as if the prismatic universe came in an instant to a focus; as if all the gold of the wheat were suddenly concentrated in one bright aureole of blonde hair, beneath which all the blue of the sky shone from two laughing eyes. It was as if all the green of the earth had condensed itself into one tailor-made costume, and the varied colours of the cultivated fields had shrunk to the dimensions of a pair of Scotch plaid stockings." The women pass on, and Achille takes a swim in a river near by. When he emerges from his bath he finds that a bold and audacious stranger has decked himself in his clothes, leaving his own disreputable clothing behind him. In spite of this predicament, Achille seeks the lady of the bicycle, and when he finds her he discovers that she has run away from a convent and is only too ready for an adventure. She and Achille travel as brother and sister, disguising themselves as peasants. They are arrested by a gendarme for a crime which the mysterious stranger has committed, but they make their escape in a leaking rowboat. They are taken in, however, by a passing steamer. A very amusing incident is when the captain of the steamer proposes for the lady's hand, and as she and Achille are prisoners and at his mercy they are obliged to resort to strategem to effect their escape. Another amusing episode occurs when Achille turns burglar and raids his own house in order to obtain some proper clothing. The venturesome lady, whose identity the reader may guess, has some original ideas in regard to American literature, and we quote her remarks upon Mr. Howells:

> Two years ago I happened to overhear the Mother Superior severely condemning a writer and his books. Naturally, I desired nothing in the world so much as to read those books, and naturally I read them, thanks to the cook. It was wrong, but I did. They were written by a foreigner—an American—one William Dean Howells; a wicked and dangerous man. It was his fiendish object to depict the world; not, of course, as it is, filled with dangers and pitfalls, but instead as peopled with kind and generous men and women who would not hurt one if they could.

A portrait of Mr. Viele and a short sketch of his life appeared in the October BOOKMAN. (Messrs. H. S. Stone and Company.)

"Griselda."

In *Griselda* Basil King has written a story with a good plot, although there is nothing remarkable about it. The story has an English setting, and the characters are persons of high breeding. Griselda Grant, an American by birth, comes to England to vindicate her mother's honour, and to establish her claim to the title and estate

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of Lord Lomond. She falls in love with the young lord, and he, not knowing who or what she is, asks her hand in marriage. His mother, the proud and stately Lady Glenorchie, scorns the unknown American girl, and in a dramatic scene she denounces her before a house full of guests. Lord Lomond, nonplussed for a moment, hesitates before he comes to Griselda's rescue, and in that moment her love turns to hate. She breaks with her lover and establishes her claim to the title and to the estate. In the meantime she is very unhappy, as there is another man in the case, one Grayburn, who is forcing her to marry him. Mr. King shows the struggle of pride and love which is fought out in the hearts of Griselda and Lady Glenorchie. The most interesting character in the story, however, is Lady Phillida Wimpole, Griselda's friend, and one of the best scenes is when Griselda tells Lady Phillida that she is to marry Mr. Grayburn:

> They were looking hard at each other. As Griselda spoke she saw the colour fade from Lady Phillida's cheek like the afterglow from a peak of snow. The face which an instant ago was young and bright became suddenly haggard and blanched, while the light in the eyes went out. With the flash of instinctive perception Griselda knew the reason why.
>
> It seemed an eternity that they sat gazing thus, leaning across the table toward each other, white and wide-eyed with horror, while the man's footsteps resounded on the stair.

There is something about Lady Phillida especially fine, and therefore it seems rather inconsistent that she should love Mr. Grayburn, who is not an admirable type. However, she eventually wins him, otherwise Griselda would not have gained her freedom. The story is brightly told, although we feel that the climax is reached rather prematurely. The publishers have given to the book an unusually beautiful cover. (Messrs. H. S. Stone and Company.)

"Foes in Law."

One takes up a new novel by Miss Rhoda Broughton with a comfortable assurance that is never misplaced. She does not perplex us with insoluble problems, harrow us with unlikely horrors, or irritate us with over-nice affectations of style. She sets herself to fulfil the first great law of the novelist's being, and tell a story, and tells it, moreover, with a matured cunning that very few of her contemporaries can excel. The plot of *Foes in Law* may be a little worn, a little attenuated, but it is sufficient, and the magic of Miss Broughton's pen invests it with the freshness of novelty; it is only on reflection that you begin to marvel that she could hold you so strongly with so slender a thread. Her men and women are very much alive, and delightfully human. Each member of the happy-go-lucky Kergouet family is distinctly and humorously individualised; an even cleverer delineation is the vain and ineffectual curate, Randal Chevening, who, being rejected by Lettice Trent because she intends to devote her life to looking after her bachelor brother Jim, preaches against her from his pulpit, and then, learning that while he was being rejected Jim was engaging himself to marry the vivacious, dreadfully unconventional Marie Kergouet, returns and captures the doubtful heart of the forlorn Lettice, only to lose it, after all. The smug complacency and self-esteem of Randal are indicated with admirable subtlety. (The Macmillan Company.)

"Souls in Pawn."

Margaret Blake Robinson, whoever she may be, is the author of a book entitled *Souls in Pawn*, which she describes as "A Story of New York Life." When a person writes a particularly bad story, it is rather a pity that New York should be the innocent cause of it. To be sure, a story of New York life sounds attractive, and the unsophisticated may be led to believe that they are going to learn something about the conditions of this wicked city and its wicked people. But what they learn in *Souls in Pawn* will neither enlighten them nor injure them seriously. It is the sort of religious novel calculated to cheapen religion. Katherine Irving is the daughter of a minister who holds a mission on Twenty-third Street. She and her father go about saving souls at a tremendous rate, and when they are introduced to a person, their first question is, "Are you a Christian?" Katherine plays "The Maiden's Prayer" and talks religion every minute to the men who call upon her. There is

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also a bad man in the story—a very bad man—who keeps a saloon, deceives his wife, and makes love to Katherine between his hypocritical prayers. This is a sample of their spiritual conversations:

"Are you sure I can help you spiritually, Mr. Masterson? If you are, I will have no scruples about Mrs. Grundy."

"You have it in your power to help me today," he answered her, "unless, indeed, you cannot trust me. Is it that, Miss Irving—do you trust me?"

She looked into his eyes for a moment, and then said: "Of course, I do; you belong to God."

The story itself is not worth the telling, with its exaggerated types of goodness and badness, its unnatural dialogue, and its lack of literary quality. Glimpses of the slums are dragged into it, and descriptions of what are supposed to be slum types are indulged in, in order that the reader shall be convinced that he has before him a true story of New York life. But Katherine should leave New York when she plays "The Maiden's Prayer." (The Fleming H. Revell Company.)

"Rue with a Difference."

In one sense, Miss Rosa Nouchette Carey may be said to suffer from her own excellence. Her books are so uniformly straight and true and tranquil and charming, that we have learned to depend on her, and know that she will give us no surprises. One is tempted to compare the mental fare of her providing with dinner in a well-ordered household—it is pleasant, wholesome, restful; but it will never stir one to that excitement which would be inseparable from dinner in a Dora Copperfieldian establishment. Miss Carey must take comfort from the certainty that the well-ordered household is the one in which the majority of us would choose to live; the other establishment is more suitable for smiling at from the outside. In *Rue with a Difference* the author manages the love stories of two women, stepmother and stepdaughter, with skill and ease; the cathedral town in which these stories take place is lightly but effectively sketched; the oppression of the little child, Phillippa, by her French grandmother wins genuine sympathy; and the finale is all that could be wished. Now and again we find Pansy Thurston's "electric" conversation rather forced, as on page 173; and we cannot admire the use of the word "hulk" in the following sentence: "She will still weep like Niobe over the battered hulk of her beloved;" her "beloved" being, in this case, a doll. But the story is too fresh and charming to give us any real cause for fault-finding; and the decided cleverness displayed in the vivid characterisation of Canon Thurston, a man who is dead before the story begins, commands our admiration; it is a piece of distinctly good work.

"Lessons in Love."

Under the title *Lessons in Love,* Katrina Trask has written eight short stories, with love as the background and the motif. The stories tell of love before marriage and after marriage; of lovers' quarrels and lovers' reconciliations. In "The Hall Mark" there is something more than mere sentiment. In this story there are a young husband and wife united in soul as well as in body, and yet who show their human nature by frequent "scraps." Mrs. Trask gives an account of a psychic moment when their souls are at war one with the other and of what follows, which is almost a tragedy. "Acts and Entr' Actes" and "After All" are also worthy of especial mention. *Lessons in Love* can be recommended only to those readers who enjoy a love story just for the love that is in it, and it is for them that these stories have been written. (Messrs. Harper and Brothers.)

"Songs of North and South."

Mr. Walter Malone is the author of a little book of poems entitled *Songs of North and South,* which has just been published by the John P. Morton Company of Louisville. Mr. Malone is well known as a contributor to THE BOOKMAN and other magazines. His work shows colour and feeling, and it is an easy matter to trace the Southern temperament. Mr. Malone, who at one time joined the army of miscellaneous writers in New York, has returned to his home in Memphis, where he is evidently pursuing his literary work.

Miss Maud Howard Peterson, a young Southern woman who is at present connected with one of the Munsey publications, has written a novel entitled *The*

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Potter and the Clay, which will be among the Lothrop Company's spring publications. While the story itself may be styled an American one, the scene shifts from this country to England, Scotland and India. Those persons who have read the story in manuscript are confident that a new writer has been discovered who has done something worth while. This, of course, remains to be seen.

Miss Gertrude Hall has written a thoroughly foolish love story in *April's Sowing.* The girl in the story is a characterless specimen who trips around in the damp grass, clad in white shoes and fluffy finery, and who treats the man who is unfortunate enough to adore her, in a most abominable manner. There is a lot of foolish dialogue and a plot not worth mentioning. For this impossible combination the publishers have done more than their share in the way of printing and binding, and as a result they have presented a book that is very attractive to look at. (Messrs. McClure, Phillips and Company.)

The Life Publishing Company have brought out a very attractively illustrated book, entitled *Overheard in the Wittington Family.* The book consists of a collection of drawings by Charles Allan Gilbert, representing the type of men and women who grace the pages of *Life.* The text, what there is of it, has no particular reason for its being, and the drawings could do very well without it.

Mr. Arthur Morrison is said to be busy writing a new novel, the scene of which will, as in *Cunning Murrell,* be laid in Essex.

The new novel, entitled *The Eternal Quest,* which Mr. J. A. Steuart is just completing, will be published shortly by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company. Mr. Steuart will be remembered as the author of *A Minister of State* and *Wine on the Lees.*

The Honourable John Collier has completed his new painting of Mr. Rudyard Kipling. It is said by those who have seen it to be a most lifelike portrait.

Mr. Stephen Phillips's *Herod* is being translated into French and German, and it is likely that it will be staged in Germany and Italy in the near future.

Mr. Fisher Unwin is to publish immediately an English edition of *Eben Holden.*

George Routledge and Sons are the publishers of a sensational novel entitled *The Leaven of Love,* by one Beryl Goldie. We are glad to note that a woman signing herself Beryl Goldie has not attempted anything more serious.

The History of Tammany Hall is to be presented to the public in book form. Mr. Gustavus Myers has been at work on this volume for about five years, and it is said to be a complete history of that remarkable organisation.

Mr. R. H. Russell is the publisher of a new and important work by Captain A. T. Mahan, of the United States Army, and the book is entitled *The War in South Africa.*

Quincy Adams Sawyer, it appears, is a novel, although one would not fancy so from the title. It is a New England country story, written by Charles Felton Pidgin, and published by the C. M. Clark Company, a new publishing house of Boston.

A new book which is to come from the press of the Saalfield Publishing Company, of Akron, Ohio, is entitled *Ralph Marlowe.* The author, Dr. James Ball Naylor, has done considerable newspaper work under the name of "S. Q. Lapius." The story has the rural districts of Ohio for its background, and the main character is said to "embrace all the commendable qualities of *David Harum.*"

Miss Julia Marlowe is to follow up her impersonation of Mary Tudor in *When Knighthood Was in Flower* by appearing as the heroine of Ronald Macdonald's *The Sword of the King.*

The opening date for the production of Robert Grant's *Unleavened Bread* will be January 28. Miss Elizabeth Tyree is to assume the rôle of Selma and Eleanor Robson that of Flossie Williams.

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THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE

LIFE AND LETTERS OF THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY. By his son, Leonard Huxley. 2 vols. 30s. Appleton & Company. $5.00 net.

THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY: A SKETCH OF HIS LIFE AND WORK. By P. Chalmers Mitchell, M.A. (Oxon). Leaders of Science Series. 5s. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.

A record of intellectual work almost unparalleled in amount and variety, the mere recital of which is fatiguing; a story of unnumbered controversies—scientific, philosophical, political and theological; such is the life of Huxley as portrayed in these volumes.

The author of the larger work has adopted the method of making the letters tell most of the story of the life. These are chronologically arranged, and to each is prefixed whatever explanation is necessary to make the narrative continuous. This method of writing a biography has the advantage of putting the reader in possession of the original documents of the history, but whether it is wholly satisfactory or not is an open question.

In the case of one whose career was so much before the curtain, and whose work was so largely official, it is plain that the more public sides of his life must be more prominently represented in his letters than the private and personal. A biography written after this fashion is, consequently, apt to be lopsided. We learn a good deal of Huxley the student and man of science, though this side of his life is much better represented in the volumes of his collected scientific papers. We gather some information about Huxley the administrator at the head of great scientific enterprises, and an active member of educational boards. We have far too much concerning Huxley the controversialist, but of Huxley the man we have little direct presentation. From any man's letters one learns rather what he thinks of himself, and can only fill up the details of the actual portrait by inference. What we do infer leads us to believe that in this respect Huxley was a nobler figure and a greater man than he represents himself to be in his letters. The ordinary reader will be able to form a better appreciation of the man from Mr. Chalmers Mitchell's work than from the larger volumes, although the author, like most of those who came under the spell of Huxley's remarkable personality, is, perhaps, a little too enthusiastic, and certainly represents his hero as more orthodox both in philosophy and theology than Huxley in his own letters represents himself as being.

Huxley, as portrayed by himself, is an interesting psychological study. He had a remarkable power, inherited, he tells us, from his mother, of rapidly grasping the bearings of phenomena, they flashed upon him as if by intuition. The mental concepts thus arrived at were quite clear in his mind, and he had in an unusual degree the power of expressing his thoughts in precise and appropriate language, so that his readers are never at a loss to know what he meant to express. The conclusions reached in this manner were for him the truth and the whole truth, and as such he felt it to be his imperative duty to proclaim regardless of consequences. He had no sympathy with those who find difficulty in the balancing of probabilities in matters of doubtful issue, still less with anything that savoured of compromise. He who could not see eye to eye with him might be a fool, but was more probably either a charlatan or a dupe, and deserved to be treated accordingly. It was this that made him the merciless opponent which he showed himself to be in controversy.

Another result of the rapidity of his mental processes was that it led him to regard all mental phenomena objectively, and did not discriminate between the subjective and the objective in experience. Regarding the operation of mind as a bundle of phenomena, he denied the fundamental character of experience as continuous process. With clearness of judgment he combined a tenacity in holding his opinions and an extreme of self-reliance which rendered him dogmatic in argument. Some of the more public of the polemical displays referred to in his letters were with men of much smaller calibre, who either from inability or carelessness failed to comprehend his logical position, and in consequence delivered themselves easily into his hands. It was probably this which led him in some cases into rather cheap methods of argument. It is much to be regretted that so large a part of the book should be occupied with the accounts of these ephemeral controversies. They only show the marvellous readiness of the man who with so little of the training or knowledge necessary for original criticism could prove himself such a formidable adversary; but in this department there is nothing he attempted in the way of destructive criticism which had not been better done by others before him. When the history of biblical criticism comes to be written in the cold light of the future, it is unlikely that his name will be mentioned in the record, just as

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in the most recent history of philosophy, in which English philosophy is treated at length, he appears by name only as a friend of Darwin, as a friend of Spencer and as the inventor of the name Agnostic.

The qualities which made him so forcible in polemic were those by which, in his own proper sphere, he did the work on which his fame will rest in futurity. The quick perception whereby he could interpret the obscure and defaced features of the fossil remains of reptile or fish enabled him to do work in palæontology in the course of a few years which would have taken the long lifetime of a slower man. By applying the principles of Darwinism to the formation of a methodical classification of animals, he brought to light many relationships unsuspected before, and cleared away a host of obscurities, rendering possible a scientific animal morphology. Of this part of his work there is too little in his life, but it is well summarised by Mr. Chalmers Mitchell.

Some of the most interesting sections of the life and letters deal with his public official life in connection with the Geological Survey, the Science Schools of Kensington, the London School Board, the Fisheries Commission, etc. And the letters dealing with universities in general and with the reconstitution of the London University are important and suggestive.

While there is much that might have been with advantage omitted, and much that those who respect the memory of Huxley would wish to have seen treated in greater detail, yet taken all in all the biography is one which must be read by any one who wishes to understand the progress of biological science in England in the latter half of the nineteenth century. Those who have not time to tackle the larger work will find in the smaller compendium a graphic account of this leader of science and of his work. And he was one in whose life work there was no admixture of self-seeking, and who was ever ready to sacrifice his own personal interests to the cause of that which he believed to be the truth.

Alexander Macalister.

A HISTORY OF THE DEVIL AND THE IDEA OF EVIL. By Paul Carus Open Court Publishing Company: Chicago.

After the reader has followed in the wake of Mr. Paul Carus from the days of Egyptians, Accads and Assyrians down to the publication at Chicago of *Hell Up To Date,* and has heard of all the things the devil has been said to be, and of the various interpretations that have been put upon evil, he will be impervious indeed if he does not find himself yearning for a settled peg or two on which to hang any stray notions that—shall we say atavistically—may come to him.

For, to say the truth, Mr. Carus staggers considerably under the burden of his reading and multitudinous side-references. In his peregrinations throughout this and several other worlds he shows an aptitude for losing the diabolical scent and turn into the more or less flowery byways of controversy, which, while no doubt it adds greatly to the colour of his narrative, brings his "science" well within the lines of the "shriek" specialties. Not that credit should not be given his work for the mass of interesting data it contains, as well as for the extensive gallery of mystical pictures with which it is so highly embellished. The zeal and generosity displayed in the illustrations almost tempt one to forego remarking on their occasional irrelevance. In this way, also, much of his early mythology strikes one as rather forced into relation with evil and the devil; and the evolution of that interesting figure out of Egyptian, Persian, Greek and Roman deities will try some imaginations overmuch. For to conjure resemblances and analogies into theories of development is a resourceful method quite exhausted by the "encyclopédistes," and it is by modern thinkers more honoured in the breach than in the observance. Nor is Mr. Carus the first to find *A History* an effective form of polemics; but one that would batter down the last rampart of tradition, that dismisses Catholicism with flout and jeer, and denominates Protestantism as a mere negation intended to clear the way for the celestial reign of Science, ought to lead to a stronger conclusion than Mr. Carus's nebulous notions of the Creator and his cryptic ideas of evil.

The reader will look in vain for any reference to Swedenborg's elaborated studies on *Heaven* and *Hell;* for any notice of Jules Bois's remarkable volumes on *Satanisme* and the tragico-comic diabolism of to-day. He will find the treatise on exorcism much shorter than it ought to be in *A History of the Devil;* but he will not be able to complain of the brevity of the luminous chapters on that rather familiar subject—the horrors of the Inquisition. This, perhaps, has caused him to overlook those interesting nuns of Cambrai who, in 1491, were seized with so lively an attack of demonomania that *en masse* they took to flying through the air like birds, "climbed trees like cats, ran like dogs, hung in the branches like

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monkeys," and indulged in other unconventional conduct until the arrival of the exorcists. Mr. Carus, however, makes up for this omission with his diabolical "rooster," who presumed to lay an egg; this worthy companion to the jackdaw of Rheims expiated his offence after exorcisms, etc., in a public *auto da fé* at Basel in 1474.

In the chapters on witchcraft will be found enough horrors to satisfy the most exacting. The history of this subject hardly bears out Mr. Carus's theory of the great decline of superstition in the eighteenth century, for even in Protestant countries (Mr. Carus frequently affects this "even"), in Germany, England and New England the annals of witchcraft show unsurpassed ferocity.

Not the least remarkable feature of his work is the refreshing surprise Mr. Carus gives the reader in his conclusions on the dangers of individualism and subjective thought. He claims that evil is positive, denies its personality and places God himself in what he calls a super-personality. If evil has a positive existence without a personality, it would only be fair in Mr. Carus to tell us just what evil is.

Thomas Walsh.

A NEW STUDY OF THE SONNETS OF SHAKESPEARE. By Parke Godwin. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25.

This book is certainly what it claims to be—a new study. It effectually refutes the idea that there is nothing new to say about Shakespeare, though whether or not the new things are worth saying is another matter. Mr. Godwin's method is to study the sonnets from their own words and let them group themselves as they will, which he finds them doing into two classes—those that pertain to Shakespeare's personal experience and those that relate to his poetic development. He reminds us that the sonnets were not printed under Shakespeare's supervision; but he does not seem to see that therefore the numbering need not be his. If T. T. got the sonnets in batches from private circulation, of which there are many indications, then T. T. is responsible for the numbering, and this would account both for the grouping and the lack of grouping.

Mr. Godwin's most startling contention is that the first seventeen sonnets instead of urging marriage upon Pembroke or Southampton or some other young friend, are a "plea for poetic or creative art," addressed to an "abstract and imaginary" youth, who should secure immortality in the only real way—by leaving "copies" of himself in his poems, reproducing in them his own beauty. If this theory were correct, Shakespeare's seriousness and persistence would certainly show that he did not believe we are driven to poetic composition by any divine necessity; and coming from Shakespeare, that would be an enormous gain. This series Mr. Godwin dissociates from the rest of the sequence. It seems strange that when he has gone so far and made so thorough an investigation, he does not realise how his case would be strengthened by having this youth none other than Shakespeare himself, admitting that urging an imaginary youth to marry was the poetic guise under which Shakespeare, appealing and responding to the poetic impulse in his own soul, set himself to the business of poetry, just as in a more objective way he set himself to learn the art of play-making. This would be in accordance with Mr. Godwin's "guess" that the W. H. of Thorpe's dedication means merely "Will Himself," and with his position that some fifty of the later sonnets deal with "the poet's communion with the Higher Muse," many of the sonnets being addressed to himself. The flattering tone of these first sonnets would be excused on the ground of their objective and figurative character, but would throw new light on the famous sonnets LXII. and LV., "Sin of self-love possesseth all mine eye," and "Not marble nor the gilded monument of princes shall outlive this powerful rhyme."

This putting of a more personal interpretation upon the first seventeen sonnets would lend colour to Mr. Godwin's second contention—that the next group, containing mostly sonnets XVIII.-XXXII., XLIV.-LIV., and LXVI.-LXXIV., with some nine or ten later ones, are purely love poems addressed to Anne Hathaway herself, and contain his love for her, his journey to London, and his struggles and disappointments there. From this point of view Mr. Godwin considers the "episode of the Dark Lady," with Shakespeare's final triumph over the infatuation and return to his love for his wife. Of course this is largely accomplished, though Mr. Godwin does not make the point very clear, by his devotion to the Higher Muse; so that the main theme of the sonnets would be Shakespeare's Faust-like redemption through his art.

Such an interpretation of the sonnets cannot fail to command our interest, if only for its very novelty. But the whole presentation is marred by the ill temper with which it is advanced, and by the author's over-positiveness and intolerance. Mr. Godwin lacks scholarly calmness and breadth of view. He is even capable, in his prose paraphrase, of manipu-

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lating such a line as "How can I then be elder than thou art?" in order to make it fit into a sonnet which he thinks must be addressed to Anne Hathaway. In many places there is this lack of scholarly precision, which is made the worse by a certain presumption of scholarship. What possible gain for a literary study can there be in following Mr. Samuel Butler's reprint of the fac-simile edition by Mr. T. Tyler, and printing "u's" as "v's" and "v's" as "u's"?

Henry David Gray.

OVERLAND TO CHINA. By Archibald R. Colquhoun New York: Harper & Brothers.

CHINA, THE LONG LIVED EMPIRE. By E. R. Scidmore. New York: The Century Company.

Any book on China just now is *ipso facto* interesting. That is the reason, and almost the only reason, why the latter of the two books named above is worthy of consideration. It has the merit of being timely. It is legitimately carried some distance by its subject. But it is the subject rather than the substance which is interesting. It is a series of impressions written by a superficial tourist in China —a woman who hated everything she saw, to whom nothing meant much, who constantly reiterates that China is inexplicable, old and disgusting. The statement that China is old is truer than it is interesting; that China is inexplicable and disgusting as a whole we are left in doubt, although it must be admitted that there is little in the book which makes the situation in China more explicable. We get plenty of nervous denunciation, but for our reasoned information we must look elsewhere.

A great contrast is *Overland to China.* It is an orderly, reasonable book, with a point of view and a method, and leaves, consequently, an impression of the situation. Some historical and much modern knowledge of the situation is shown. Mr. Colquhoun takes the subject up from the standpoint of Russia's development. He follows Russia's successive acquisition of Siberia, Manchuria, points out the importance of the great Siberian railway, shows in detail how sure the great empire's policy is, and brings in China really apropos of Russia's advance. That involves a description of the anarchical condition of China, in the course of his description a great deal of interesting matter is thrown in with reference to the manners, customs and character of the Mongols, the Manchus, etc. Fitting in with his general scheme is a constant reference to England's dilatory and inconsistent policy in China. He shows how England, the power that five years ago was most favourably situated for taking hold of the great Eastern empire, has successively given up point after point to Russia. Mr. Colquhoun takes an Englishman's attitude. He is frankly a patriot and an imperialist, and as such his words condemnatory of England's policy in China are very strong. As such, too, he is unfair when he writes of France and Frenchmen, in the many little ways that show the mastiff Englishman's intolerance toward the smoother Gaul.

In regard to China, however, the book is not only elucidative, but fair. With great fair-mindedness he pictures the relations between the foreign missionaries and the Chinese, shows how irritating and grasping the foreigners were, and leaves in the reader a certain sympathy with the poor Celestial.

Altogether, the writer seems awake to the situation, and in many instances says things of which recent events in China show the justice.

A few sentences, though rather disconnected, may be interesting as serving to illustrate what is said above and as dealing with things of great present moment.

The revolution in China is proceeding with great rapidity, and though it is impossible for any one to foretell the issue of the various disturbances in the provinces, any more than to foresee the outcome of the palace feud in Peking, yet it is folly to shut one's eyes to the fact that the elements of great changes are in active conflict, and that unless controlled and guided by some strong but kindly influence they cannot but lead to widespread calamity. The prestige of the dynasty has been shattered, first by the shock of the Japanese war, and next by the bullying of Russia, France and Germany.

Speaking of the missionaries:

Under the fostering care of the French Government the Catholics have become a veritable *imperium in imperio,* disregarding local laws and customs, domineering over their pagan neighbours and overriding the law of the land. Whenever a Christian has a dispute with a heathen, no matter what the subject in question may be, the quarrel is promptly taken up by the priest, who, if he cannot himself intimidate the local officials and compel them to give right to the Christian, represents the case as one of persecution, when the French consul is appealed to. Then is redress rigorously extorted without the least reference to the justice of the demand. The assurance that this kind of interference on the part of a foreign power is certain to follow leads, of course, to the grossest abuses being perpetrated by the Christians.

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Of England's policy:

The natural, the inevitable consequence (of England's vacillation and temporisation) must be that the provincials also will, for their own security, become Russian, as the Dowager Empress, Li Hung Chang and most of the magnates of Peking have already done. . . . With a Russian railway traversing Siberia and Manchuria, connecting the Baltic with Port Arthur and joining the Russian territory with Peking—which line will be completed by 1902—what is Britain doing to counterbalance this Russian advance?

Like so many recent English writers, Mr. Colquhoun rather pathetically advocates an alliance between Great Britain and the United States. The book ends with:

There is no disguising the fact that a period of intense and increasing energy is about to begin and must be met by preparedness, to be ready for a conflict which is more than probable. It is time, therefore, that Britain and the United States should interest themselves and decide on some common plan.

H. H.

THE LIFE OF HENRY GEORGE. By Henry George, Jr. New York: Doubleday & McClure Company. $1.50.

In spite of the power of the real, the ideal holds its fascination still. And the best and truest ideal, the dream of a time when there shall be no more suffering for the largest half of civilised mankind, retains ever fresh its charm for all but the most selfish, unthinking materialist. Mr. George's biography of his father appeals to that part of our nature which can be aroused and interested by the spectacle of a life spent in the service of an ideal for the help of humanity. It was a service which brought little material reward and many reverses to the faithful servant, but he served for the love of serving, and found his reward in the devoted allegiance of the kindred-minded. The fame came incidentally, and was to him only a means for the wider spread of his doctrine, holding otherwise no value that he could care for. No one who has still ideals and hope for this old world can fail to find the charm in this simply written narrative of the life of the struggling printer and journalist, whatever he may think of the theories Henry George gave his life for. The personal magnetism of the man himself, his absolute sincerity and unbending devotion to principle, come out well in the portrait drawn by the hand of his son, although the book is written with an impartial objectiveness which is remarkable in face of the near relationship between the author and his subject. It is really only in the little glimpses, and very attractive glimpses, too, of the home life of the family that we realise what opportunities the biographer had of studying the man about whom he is writing.

Henry George was one of those predestined to the service of mankind, for no enterprise undertaken for his own advancement ever succeeded, and only an optimism which was unfailing enabled him to try venture after venture while struggling with the poverty his early marriage made doubly hard. The story of his early life in California is an interesting history of the dawn of modern civilisation in the Far West, and the hothouse rapidity with which the results that centuries bring about in the Old World were here accomplished in as many years gave Mr. George the practical schooling in the economic conditions for which years of study would otherwise have been required. The astoundingly sudden development of California from a collection of isolated mining or farming colonies into a full-fledged State of the Union gave the keen-eyed Philadelphian an unequalled opportunity to study the change in economic conditions brought about by the growth of primitive conditions of life into the complexity of modern commercial civilisation. And out of these observations grew his theories, although many a stage of mental development in economic thought was gone through before his ideas crystalled into the *Progress and Poverty* which was to be his life work and make him famous.

Mr. George's later life in active political struggle in England and then in the Eastern States and the history of his two New York campaigns are well told, and form an interesting *chronique intime* of American and English political history between 1880 and 1897.

There are some slight inadequacies, from the purely literary point of view, in the book. The style is clumsy at times, and sometimes old fashioned and pedantic; but the building up, with regard to the mental development of the character studied, is well done, and the subject itself is so interesting that it renders the book most readable. For a mind weary of the sex-problem novel and of newspaper divorce details nothing could be more refreshing than the little glimpses Mr. George gives us of the marriage and family life of his parents.

Grace Isabel Colbron.

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NOVEL NOTES

THE DARLINGTONS. By Elmore Elliott Peake. New York: McClure, Phillips & Company. $1.50.

This is a story of the Middle West, and of people and events in a small town. The people are not remarkable, nor are the events; and if they were, they would be incongruously placed. So, in a way, *The Darlingtons* is a novel of commonplaces, typical of commonplace and not over-reflective living. The people and the town are still naïve. The "social problem" has not yet entered, nor the joys of Wall Street nor reading clubs for the recapitulation of the Indian wars. The main interest of the thriving town centres in its railroad. Its aristocracy is the president of the road and his family, and the only problems of life are the time-honoured ones of liquor and the clergy. These problems are discussed without the formality of premises or conclusions, and thereby they are known to be rural reflections and not urban ethical lectures. As with the problems, so with the people. They are picked up and dropped again haphazard, in precisely the same fashion that they actually do appear and disappear in shifting sections of the country. Partly by its faults and partly by its virtues. then, *The Darlingtons* presents a rough but striking likeness of a phase of American life. The interest of the story, which is considerable, arises mainly from a homely sentimentalism, such as those who were not above seeing *Blue Jeans* and *Lost River* will remember.

The president of the local railroad of the town represents the evolution of a brakeman through kindness, shrewdness and industry. His daughter is a buoyant, breezy lass, altogether manly and not a bit mannish. But his son is an honest fellow, addicted, much against his will, to occasional sprees. A few glasses of liquor produce in him the most astounding effects—fiendisms such as dear old ladies in provincial towns tell of with bated breath. In one instance an attack of *delirium tremens* supervenes. Bert lying in bed immediately prior to it is conceived as having "a peculiarly chastened appearance," owing to his "pale face" and "general air of invalidism and frailty." Of a truth, the mingled sentiment and horror of the dear old ladies have upset the author's judgment on the liquor problem.

Carol, the breezy daughter, meets Stephen Kaltenborn, a minister. Kaltenborn, despite the eulogies pronounced upon his intelligence by the author, is a man of that familiar, puritanic cast whose bigotries fill one with a cold rage, and whose steadfastness compels an unwilling admiration. They are great of limb, these men, slow witted, abhorrent of humour, victims of conscience. "When they think they are right," said the clear-headed, sceptical president; "they will have their way if it breaks a heart. The crying of a woman is no more to them than the squalling of a cat." "But isn't it good for a man to be a little fanatical sometimes?" demurred Carol. "It's a good enough way for the infallible God to be," her father answered forcibly. "But when a narrow, bigoted, short-sighted, faulty man tries it on—and they are the only men who do try it—there's misery ahead for somebody—and it's generally a woman." On every peevish question of behaviour, down to and including tea-drinking, Kaltenborn holds opinions which are, in effect, judgments *de rigueur*. He has pondered these things, he *knows* them; and in all the wide world there is not room for the validity of a contrary belief. He is hermetically sealed with righteous self-conceit. Yet he is intensely human withal, and he makes love to Carol after the manner of his kind. Hour and hour long he pounds down upon her dogmatisms and Q. E. D.'s of the spirit. He overwhelms her with a sort of perverted virility. Her girlish love for small-fry parties and fast special trains on her father's road must needs make way for the problems of church sociables and the relations of a pastor to his flock. Her parents observe this process of subjection, disapprove it, and, as is the custom, say nothing. For, after all, it is the common lot of woman to accept together with the man a new and ready-made view of life. Besides, Kaltenborn can be depended upon. His good character is as immutable as are his convictions. He is better than all the Sentimental Tommies; his love will endure, and with it tenderness, as befits a strong man. So, also, Carol thinks. The purposeful man wins his monarchy. Now, if this were a novel of Balzac's, we should follow close upon the afterfortunes of the pair thus oddly united; and if it were a novel *à la* Balzac, we should probably be "in at the death." But in healthy, growing places people cheerfully take their chances, pack out of sight their unsolved questions and move on. Here, then, we leave them.

But to go back. There are in the towns of Ashboro two elements, broadly speaking. First are the people who actually made the town: thick-skinned, jealous of innovation. They work with their hands, believe but mildly in the "higher education," and in their leisure

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hours become self-appointed guardians of the decorous behaviour of their neighbours. On the other hand are a few people recently attracted to the town by its commercial possibilities. They are the great capitalists of a little place, held as cosmopolitan and godless. By their coming they raise values, and this is appreciated. But their ways are so alien, that between the old and the new a constant mimic warfare is carried on. Since the Darlingtons insist upon giving card-parties, it becomes the duty of the corporate body of elders, as represented by their official head, scathingly to rebuke the servants of Mammon. And when, conversely, the old residents and minority stockholders in the new railroad, cleaving to the safe husbanding methods of agricultural pursuits, declare for penny wisdom and pound foolishness, Mr. Darlington, as majority stockholder, takes much satisfaction in flaunting before them new engines, new stations, lower rates, faster time and increased profits. The elders stand agape, but are positive that catastrophe is impending. Every one knows how such battles end. The town becomes a city, the bonds of propinquity are loosed, and then every man may have the right to shut his door on his neighbour. But is there a city in the Union where this battle has not been waged?

It was hinted that this novel comes to an illogical conclusion. Properly speaking, it comes to none. We are simply set down in a town whose thousands of counterparts are scattered through every State, and we watch matters for a few months, and leave. It is in effect a rather cheerful and invigorating bit of observation.

Mansfield Allan.

DEVIL TALES. By Virginia Fraser Boyle. New York: Harper & Brothers. $1.50.

With the *Marse Chan* of Thomas Nelson Page the homely idyls of a distinctly Southern literature were begun; and since then there have been accessions to and differentiations and plausible iterations of the same theme in which the Southern negro, as in his happy introduction in Mr. Page's book, has more than held his own as a subservient if not passive hero in the latter-day fiction affecting him. Mr. Cable's "'Cajians" and Creoles have been re-enforced by him; Mr. Harris has made him a familiar of the lesser animals, while Mrs. Ruth McEnery Stuart, in quite another way, has been his most authentic and sympathetic chronicler. The actual field has been well covered, but his possibilities are many, for he remains the most archaic of accessible peoples. Therefore, when Mrs. Boyle, being also to the manner born, was moved to preserve what she calls in the introduction to her volume of *Devil Tales* "a classic that America may call her own," she had but to seek among her own reminiscences for something different than we had known in negro literature, and she easily recalled it in the Voudoo tales which she relates as having been handed down through the "mammies" of the nursery. True, Voudooism has been touched upon before, incidentally in fiction, and more seriously in the contributions of folk-lore: but the Black Art, probably, has never before been made the *pièce de resistance* as in these tales. They are, therefore, of value as well as interest so far as they go. We who have heard the weird tales of frenzied orgies, where human sacrifice, self-mutilation and even cannibalism are connected with "Hoodoo" legends and recountals, may feel that Mrs. Boyle, as she would have us infer, has but drawn on her own nursery store for her material, and that her "Mammy" was a discriminating narrator, as she herself is a refined and poetic one, lifting the vulgar superstitions and Voudoo rites to a higher plane than is usually associated with them. Her tales, then, become tales for children, in which their elders may interestedly share; perhaps she means in another volume to give us those waifs of "Hoodoo" stories, which, in the New Orleans versions at least, offer more incentives for blood curdling than are found in these *Devil Tales*. Instead of these wilder forms, Mrs. Boyle has spun the threads of more literary weaving, as in "The Devil's Little Fly," where the plantation compact bears resemblance to the Faust legend; and, again, as in the "Taming of Jesrul," where Rossetti's "Sister Helen" recurs to one. But Mrs. Boyle knows her negro as well as a white person may know him; and when she gets down to "pure nigger," as she frequently does, she is especially happy, as in "A Kingdom for Micajah," where the relations between master and slave are tenderly and humorously portrayed. Micajah has been allowed to play "white folks," with uncertain results. "But, Micajah, you must command respect, and you will get it."

"I done 'mand hit, Ole Marse," said Micajah pitifully; "but I 'mands hit lack er nigger, er big, fool nigger, an' hit hain't done no good." With the foray into the master's smoke-house the tale is inimitably terminated, as well as Micajah's "Kingdom."

In all of these stories, and noticeably in "Ole Cinder Cat" and "Asmodeous in the Quarters," the picturesque and inimitable colloquialisms

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of the Southern negro enliven the dialogue—colloquialisms which have somehow survived, perhaps through the segregation of the "Quarters" and perhaps through their own eloquent aptitude. As to one who knows such, for instance, "the beatenes' nigger" beggars other description.

In the profuse illustrations of the volume Mr. Frost has lent the most appreciative interpretation to these *Devil Tales,* catching the spirit, the racial peculiarities of the negro in an inimitable and characteristic sense. In fact, while keeping close to the requirements of text, as in the unusual length of Shadrach's beard, he has turned a Roentgen ray of artistic understanding on the picturesque characters of the book.

Regina Armstrong.

THE MOVING FINGER WRITES. By Grace Denio Litchfield. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.

Miss Litchfield is psychic without being morbid. She is an idealist without being a sentimentalist; and, what is more to the point, she has written a beautiful story in *The Moving Finger Writes.* The title is taken from the lines of Omar Kháyyám:

The Moving Finger writes; and having writ,
Moves on: nor all thy Piety nor Wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line,
Nor all thy Tears wash out a word of it.

Miss Litchfield is herself a poet of no mean standing, and her love for poetry cannot be disguised. Indeed, in some of her descriptive passages it would seem that she had grieved over the limitations of prose. It is very evident that she worships beauty in nature and the ideal in human character. The heroine of the story is Agnes Alden, who "had grown up in the surroundings that make most for blessedness. Living on the outskirts of a great town, she was within easy reach of all that lies in a city's gift of best, yet dwelt aloof in that atmosphere of spaciousness, freedom and peace that most conduces to the soul's development." When the story opens there is a small party at Old Oaks in honour of Agnes's birthday. The woman's soul within her is beginning to awake, and

. . . her thoughts wandered off along byways of her own, where no one could have followed if he would. Suddenly there fell over her that unaccountable loneliness which at one time or another all hearts know. The sense of some vague, unmet need came to her like a revelation of mental orphanhood. With her nearest and dearest of kin about her she saw herself unrelated in spirit to any, and recognised with dismay that her soul was, as was every soul, an isolated atom alone in a crowded universe with its ineffaceable individuality and all its unfulfilled, inexpressible desires. The knowledge hurt, as does so much of the irremediable wisdom of the world.

Agnes is given a book of poems by one of the guests, and the name of the poet—David Mulgrave—from that time on is her nearest and dearest. She meets him one night in the "pale moonlight," and there is no need of an introduction, for "he is what she has wanted him to be." They meet several times before she learns that he is married, and it is in the character of the wife that the author has painted a type with which we are all more or less familiar. Isabel is a composite photograph of many women. She is winsome and dainty and lovable, full of theoretical ideals and high standards, but exacting, impetuous, moody and jealous. She allows these faults to grow upon her, until little by little she warps the love which she is so nervously anxious to retain. Each day there is a scene in which Isabel grows jealous of a shadow or suspicious of an unexplained thought, and which David bears heroically. But after every scene, as she comes to him deeply penitent and more lovable than ever, David forgives her and encourages her to begin all over again. She loves for the love of getting, not for the love of giving; with a love of words and not of deeds. She is insanely jealous of his work, and one awful day she throws the entire manuscript of a book of verse into the fire just as he is about to send it to his publishers. Through all their trials Agnes remains their friend, true and staunch. In an attempt to define love and friendship, she says: "Love is to want to have, but Friendship is to want to give. Friendship is Love grown unselfish. It is a higher passion than love. One should be able —when one must—to raise love into it." As the unhappy moods grow upon Isabel she learns to depend more and more upon Agnes, who, doubtless, represents Miss Litchfield's ideal of a perfect woman. But the love and devotion of husband and friend cannot save Isabel from her destiny. At last, frenzied with doubt, she takes an overdose of morphine, from which nothing can save her. As Miss Litchfield pictures him, David is quite as fine and as strong as is the woman who is his soul's mate, and the hereditary taint that falls upon him stirs one with pity. There is a personal touch in the book, a tender charm, which will endear it to many readers, and which appealed very strongly to the present writer.

Flora Mai Holly.

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CUNNING MURRELL. By Arthur Morrison. New York: Doubleday, Page & Company. $1.50.

Eyes will open wide at the date and the place of Mr. Morrison's story of witches, wizardry and smuggling—Essex, 1854-60. It would befit the dark ages, but he vouches for the accuracy of the essentials; and though, as a good story, such accuracy matters little, it certainly adds to our curious interest in the tale that it should bring us so near to a remote past by its record of gloomy superstitions. We confess that beyond a general pity for her as a much harassed woman, Mrs. Martin, the reputed witch, does not hold our attention very much. But the girl that shares her evil fame, that lives under the shadow of her darkened life, Dorrily Thorn, is a heroine after our heart, gentle when events might have made her fierce, loyal when youth and nature might have tempted her to faithlessness. The minor personages, save Roboshobery Dore, whose reasoning was as eccentric as his name, do not distract us overmuch. Indeed, Murrell holds the stage. A most impressive person is Murrell, with his incantations, his conjuring by the Angels serving in the Third Host, by the holy seal and the Star Venus; his profound belief that power has been given him over evil things. A clever quack, you say, during your first meetings with him, seeing him not disdainful of money, and having a care for the *mise en scène*. But, later, your cynicism is flouted by his fits of generosity, by his refusal to be bought, or to play with his art, by the high ideal of life which he considers necessary that his powers should flourish. He put the smugglers' tubs out of his house when he felt his mind was lowered by the thought of gain—"silin' my hands with such unbeseemin' traffic hev done injury to my lawful arts—arts that need clean hands above arl things." A man of casuistry, of dark ways, but with the spirit of a genuine prophet within him was Murrell, and there was no thorough sceptic about his powers in all the parish. As he lies dying he hears the whistle of the railway train. He knows his day is over, and appoints to die on the morrow at one o'clock. And he does so punctually.

We congratulate Mr. Morrison on his success in a new field. Old Essex ways and Essex folks should serve him many times yet in his story-telling.

A RISE IN THE WORLD. By Adeline Sargeant. New York: F. M. Buckles & Company. $1.25.

Adeline Sargeant is one of those English writers who turn out novels with rapidity and ease. She writes for women, and no doubt there are many women who are vastly entertained by her stories. She always has a fresh plot, and whatever she does with it a happy ending is inevitable. The readers of Adeline Sargeant expect this. *A Rise in the World,* therefore, is no exception to the rule. There is the usual English setting, with the usual English characters. But the unusual feature of the story is the heroine. She is a servant before she rises in the world; not a nice, trim lady's maid, but a slovenly slavey:

> A more awkward-looking girl Mrs. Wyndham thought that she had never seen. She had, in reality, not attained her full height, and, as her shoulders were broad, she looked stunted and out of proportion. . . . Her hands were red and coarse; her feet, in old, broken boots, looked enormous, and her light, rough hair had the exact shade of drab which Mrs. Wyndham had always thought particularly ugly.

Now, it is rather impossible to believe that the son of Mrs. Wyndham, a lady of noble birth, should choose for his wife such a young person. But he did choose her, and the reader does not trouble herself to wonder why. The husband goes off to India, and Elizabeth is taken care of by Mrs. Wyndham—a charming character, by the way—who trains and develops her son's wife until she is fit to be the heroine of *A Rise in the World.* We too shared Lionel's feelings upon his return from foreign lands, when he

> caught sight of the fair-haired girl in white and gold, who stood in the middle of the room, with the self-possessed air which had become natural to her. The wonderful complexion, untinged by colour, yet healthily pure and tender, the masses of fair hair, the white neck, adorned only by a row of pearls, were in perfect harmony with the long white satin dress and its gold and pearl embroideries. If Elizabeth Wyndham were not the handsomest, she was at least the most striking and distinguished looking woman in the room.

There is a very bad woman in the story, who tries to wreck Elizabeth's life, but Elizabeth's winning ways conquer her, too. And so—the wicked repent, and the virtuous are rewarded.

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THE BOOK MART

EASTERN LETTER.

NEW YORK, January 1, 1901.

Holiday sales in the opening days of December were but moderate, and during the first week frequent complaints to the effect that the trade was still holding off were heard, but in the second and third weeks there was no question as to an unusual activity, and the Christmas business for 1900 was undoubtedly in excess of any previous year in point of volume.

Eben Holden was unquestionably the leading book for the month, and was practically in this respect in a class by itself, probably exceeding in numbers for the ten days immediately preceding Christmas any title issued in recent years, excepting in cases of accumulated orders given in advance of publication. The demand, notwithstanding four other volumes of fiction, was very great; and *Alice of Old Vincennes, Eleanor, In the Palace of the King* and *The Master Christian* sold in large numbers. *The Old Gentleman of the Black Stock, The Cardinal's Snuff-Box* and *The Sky Pilot* were also above the ordinary in popularity.

The customary vexation of having some of the best titles run out of print temporarily was experienced, the most noticeable examples being *Eleanor, The Old Gentleman of the Black Stock, The Cardinal's Snuff-Box* and *Wanted: A Match-Maker.*

In addition to fiction, nearly all other departments of literature were well represented in the holiday sales. *Americans* proved to be the only work of purely illustrations of special note, and compared well in favour with Mr. Gibson's previous books. Special illustrated editions of *Eleanor, David Harum, Old Virginia and Her Neighbours* and *Ramona* were all readily salable.

Juveniles were much sought after. Of the more attractive may be mentioned *The April Baby's Book of Tunes, Joel Pepper* and *Grey Fairy Book,* as well as new stories by such well-known authors for the young as Henty, Butterworth, Otis, Richards, Finley and Molesworth.

The humorous element was supplied by *Billy Baxter's Letters,* the *Fables in Slang* books and the Dooley books; and the most salable poetry was *Home-Folks,* by James Whitcomb Riley.

The miscellaneous works in demand covered a wide variety of subjects, and some of the representative books were *The Rulers of the South,* by F. Marion Crawford; *William Shakespeare,* by H. W. Mabie; *Napoleon,* by Lord Rosebery; *Oliver Cromwell,* by John Morley, and *The Great Boer War,* by A. Conan Doyle.

The month's publications were unusually light. Particularly was this noticeable in fiction, and not a single novel showed any signs of becoming popular. In the miscellaneous list, which was proportionately more numerous, several belated holiday works were more acceptable. The best of these were *Life and Letters of Phillips Brooks,* by A. V. G. Allen; *Sharps and Flats,* by Eugene Field; *An Englishwoman's Love-Letters,* and *Oriental Rugs,* by J. K. Mumford. The last-mentioned work sold remarkably for a special book at such a price.

It is comparatively easy to make a selection for the month of books selling readily, and the following list contains none but those which sold in large numbers:

Eben Holden. By I. A. Bacheller. $1.50.

Alice of Old Vincennes. By M. Thompson. $1.50.

Eleanor. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. $1.50.

In the Palace of the King. By F. Marion Crawford. $1.50.

The Old Gentleman of the Black Stock. By T. N. Page. $1.50.

The Master Christian. By Marie Corelli. $1.50.

The Cardinal's Snuff-Box. By H. Harland. $1.50.

The Sky Pilot. By Ralph Connor. $1.25.

Billy Baxter's Letters. By W. J. Kountz, Jr. 75 cents.

The Redemption of David Corson. By C. F. Goss. $1.50.

The Mantle of Elijah. By I. Zangwill. $1.50.

The Reign of Law. By James Lane Allen. $1.50.

David Harum. By E. N. Westcott. $1.50.

To Have and to Hold. By Mary Johnston. $1.50.

Janice Meredith. By P. L. Ford. $1.50.

WESTERN LETTER.

CHICAGO, January 1, 1901.

Christmas trade came late, even more so than usual, and the pressure during the fortnight preceding the holidays was very great, indeed. Unfortunately, the trade cannot expect relief from this in future, for the tendency, on account of customers deferring their purchases until the eleventh hour, is toward a shorter season.

Alice of Old Vincennes had the unique distinction of being the most popular book of the holidays in this part of the country. It was closely followed by *Eben Holden,* and in point of sale these two far outstripped the rest. *Eleanor, In the Palace of the King, The Master Christian, The Reign of Law, Tommy and Grizel, Wild Animals I Have Known* and *Uncanonised* all attained large sales, however, which but for comparison with the two leaders would appear enormous.

The astonishing success of such moderate-priced illustrated books as *Wanted: A Match-maker, Monsieur Beaucaire, The Old Gentleman of the Black Stock, Elizabeth and Her German Garden, Eleanor* and *David Harum* seems to establish the fact that the successful holiday book of to-day must be fairly cheap and combine popular prose with first-class illustrative work.

Standard sets of all kinds and in all bindings went very slowly indeed, and the sale of these was very disappointing.

The latest Gibson book, *Americans,* sold to an extent beyond any of its predecessors, the

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demand coming almost equally from all parts of the West.

Rostand's new play, *L'Aiglon,* is meeting with great success in book form, both in the original text and in the English translation.

It is gratifying to note that, notwithstanding the predominance of fiction in December sales, such books in other classes as *Huxley's Life and Letters,* Morley's *Cromwell,* Rosebery's *Napoleon* and Mrs. Latimer's *Last Years of the Nineteenth Century* meet with a large and appreciative demand.

The best selling books of December were:

Alice of Old Vincennes. By Maurice Thompson. $1.50.

Eben Holden. By Irving Bacheller. $1.50.

In the Palace of the King. By F. M. Crawford. $1.50.

Eleanor. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. $1.50.

To Have and to Hold. By Mary Johnston. $1.50.

Uncanonised. By Margaret H. Potter. $1.50.

David Harum. By E. N. Westcott. $1.50.

The Master Christian. By Marie Corelli. $1.50.

The Reign of Law. By James Lane Allen. $1.50.

Wild Animals I Have Known. By E. Seton-Thompson. $2.00.

Tommy and Grizel. By J. M. Barrie. $1.50.

When Knighthood Was in Flower. By E. Caskoden. $1.50.

The Redemption of David Corson. By C. F. Goss. $1.50.

Richard Carvel. By Winston Churchill. $1.50.

Wanted: A Matchmaker. By Paul L. Ford. $1.50.

ENGLISH LETTER.

NOVEMBER 20 TO DECEMBER 13, 1900.

With the commencement of the month a brisker tone throughout the whole market was early noticeable, which, developing rapidly, made it apparent that we were, almost a fortnight earlier than usual, in the full stress of the Christmas rush, and as we go to press every department is strained to its utmost capacity in order to cope successfully with the numerous orders from both town and country.

The six-shilling novel throughout the whole of the past year has formed the staple item, and during the past few weeks the volumes of this class which have been disposed of have been legion. Certainly, *The Master Christian* still continues to head the list, and its popularity appears in no way to diminish. However, it is followed very closely by a number of other works by popular authors too numerous to specify.

A great improvement is noticeable in the production of the illustrated books for the young during the present season, and the demand for some of the most popular has been very extensive. Among such we may mention *The April Baby's Book of Tunes,* by the author of *Elizabeth and Her German Garden; The Golliwog's Polar Adventures,* by Bertha and Florence K. Upton; *The Tremendous Twins,* by Ernest and Mrs. Ames; *The Tale of the Little Twin Dragons,* by S. R. Praeger; *A Noah's Ark Geography,* by Mabel Dearmer, and *The House That Grew,* by Mrs. Molesworth.

The most successful books in biography have been *Napoleon: the Last Phase,* by Lord Rosebery; *Oliver Cromwell,* by John Morley, and *Lord Rosebery,* by Jane T. Stoddart.

A well-sustained demand has been experienced throughout the month for several of the more popular volumes on the South African campaign, notably, *The Great Boer War,* by A. Conan Doyle; *"Graphic" History of the War; The History of the Boer War,* Vol. I., by F. H. E. Cunliffe; *With the Flag to Pretoria,* and, among the most recent productions, *In the Ranks of the C. I. V.,* by Erskine Childers; and last, but not least, *"The Times" History of the War,* Vol. I. *An Absent-Minded War,* by a British Officer, and *How We Escaped from Pretoria,* by Captain Haldane, are still continuously sought after.

The Christmas numbers of the various periodicals, with their usual issue of coloured plates, appear to be as popular as in former years. These, together with the increased bulk in the majority of the December parts of the magazines, entail a considerable amount of extra labour in their distribution. Another important item in the Christmas trade is the large number of almanacs, diaries and pocket-books of every description. The following is a selection, somewhat lengthy of necessity, of the books which have been most in demand during the past month:

The Master Christian. By Marie Corelli. 6s. (Methuen.)

Quisanté. By Anthony Hope. 6s. (Methuen.)

Isle of Unrest. By H. S. Merriman. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

The Mantle of Elijah. By I. Zangwill. 6s. (Heinemann.)

The Hosts of the Lord. By F. A. Steel. 6s. (Heinemann.)

Heart's Highway. By Mary E. Wilkins. 6s. (J. Murray.)

Eleanor. By Mrs. H. Ward. 6s. (Smith and Elder.)

The Stickit Minister's Wooing. By S. R. Crockett. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

Boy. By Marie Corelli. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

The Infidel. By Miss Braddon. 6s. (Simpkin.)

Master of Craft. By W. W. Jacobs. 6s. (Methuen.)

BOOKS RECEIVED.

DECEMBER 10, 1900, TO JANUARY 10, 1901.

BOSTON.

Dickerman and Son:

The Tribune Primer. Eugene Field.

Ginn and Company:

Folklore Stories and Proverbs. Sara E. Wiltse.

Apes and Monkeys. R. L. Garner.

The Thought Reader. Maud Summers.

The School Speaker and Reader. Wm. DeWitt Hyde.

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Page and Company:
The Cocktail Book.
Shakespeare in Art. Sadakichi Hartmann.
Shakespeare in Music. Louis C. Elson.

Review Publishing Company:
A Round of Rimes. Denis A. McCarthy.

Small, Maynard and Company:
Concerning Children. Charlotte Perkins (Stetson) Gilman.
Last Songs from Vagabondia. Bliss Carman, Richard Hovey.

Universalist Publishing House:
The Life of Thomas J. Sawyer and of Caroline M. Sawyer. R. Eddy.

NEW YORK.

The Abbey Press:
City Boys in the Country; or, Howard and Weston at Bedford. Clinton Osgood Burling.
The Republic of America. Rev. L. B. Hartman.

American Book Company:
Elements of Astronomy. Simon Newcomb.
The English Sentence. Lillian G. Kimball.
Selected Letters of Voltaire. L. C. Syms.
New Education Readers. Book II. A. J. Demarest and W. M. Van Sickle.
Ovid: Selected Works. With Notes and Vocabulary. F. J. Miller.
The Story of Cyrus. Adapted from Xenophon's Cyclopædia. C. Gleason.
College Entrance Requirements in English, 1901-1905.
Burke's Conciliation with Colonies, Shakespeare's Macbeth, Milton's Minor Poems, Macaulay's Addison, Macaulay's Milton.
Unfang und Ende. Max Lentz.
History of Philosophy. Thomas Hunter.

Appleton and Company:
New Velasquez Dictionary. Revised by Edward Gray and Juan Iribas.
The Christmas Story from David Harum. Edward Noyes Westcott.

Doubleday, Page and Company:
The Furniture of Our Forefathers. Esther Singleton.
An Englishwoman's Love-Letters.

Doxey:
Laus Veneris and Other Poems. Algernon Charles Swinburne.
Shakespeare's Sonnets.

Funk and Wagnalls Company:
The Religion of Democracy. Charles Ferguson.

Hinds and Noble:
Wilhelm Tell. J. C. F. Von Schiller.

Holt and Company:
A Short History of French Literature. Kastner and Atkins.

Jenkins:
Daily Thoughts from French Authors.
Le Duc de Reichstadt. Madame H. Castegnier and Prof. G. Castegnier.

John Lane:
Herod. Stephen Phillips.
Modern Pen Drawings. European and American. Charles Holme.

Life Publishing Company:
Overheard in the Wittington Family. Illustrations by C. Allan Gilbert.

Longmans, Green and Company:
One of Ourselves. L. B. Walford.

Macmillan and Company:
Sylvana's Letters to an Unknown Friend. E. V. B.
The Influence of Christ in Modern Life. Newell Dwight Hillis.
Miscellanies. Edward Fitzgerald.

McClure, Phillips and Company:
An American Engineer in China. William Barclay Parsons.

New Amsterdam Book Company:
Linnet. Grant Allen.

Putnam's Sons:
Sanity of Mind. David P. Lincoln.
A Book of Common Worship. Prepared under direction of the New York State Conference of Religion by a committee on the Possibilities of Common Worship.
The Method of Evolution. H. W. Conn.
The World's Orators. Parts I. and II. Guy Carleton Lee.

Scribner's Sons:
Oriental Rugs. John Kimberly Mumford.
Sharps and Flats. Vols. I. and II. Eugene Field.
Military Reminiscences of the Civil War. Vols. I. and II. Jacob D. Cox.

Silver, Burdett and Company:
Systematic Methodology. Andrew Thomas Smith.
Springtime Flowers. Mae Ruth Norcross.
Poets and Poetry of Indiana. Compiled and edited by Benjamin S. Parker and Enos B. Heiney.

Sterling and Company:
The Columbia A.B. ABS. Verses by Melville Henry Cane, '00 C. Drawings by Will Hunt Schanck, '00 Arch.

F. Tennyson Neely Company:
The Story of Jason. Nina de Garmo Spalding.

A. Wessels Company:
The Etiquette of Correspondence. Helen E. Gavit.

Godfrey A. S. Wieners:
Olde Love and Lavender, and Other Verses. Roy L. McCardell.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Coates and Company:
America. Vols. I., II. and III. Cook.

Lippincott Company:
Rambles in Colonial Byways. Vols. I. and II. Rufus Rockwell Wilson.
The Germans in Colonial Times. Lucy Forney Bittinger.

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PORTLAND, ORE.

Valentine Brown:
Poems. Valentine Brown.

CHARLESTON, S. C.

National Educational Association:
Journal of Proceedings and Addresses of the Thirty-ninth Annual Meeting Held at Charleston, S. C.

LOUISVILLE.

John P. Morton and Company:
Songs of North and South. Walter Malone.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

The Whitaker and Ray Company:
The Missions of Nueva California. Charles Franklin Carter.
Schutze's Amusing Geography. Lenore Congdon Schutze.

FRESNO, CAL.

Fresno Republican Publishing Company:
Scenes of My Childhood. Charles Elmer Jenney.

TOLEDO.

The Cromelithe Press:
The King and the Harper, together with other poems. G. W. Stevens.

CLEVELAND.

F. M. Barton:
Heart-Whispers. Effie S. Black.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Washington Government Printing Office:
Annual Report of the Smithsonian Institution, 1898.

KANSAS CITY.

Hudson-Kimberly Publishing Company:
Excursions. William Griffith.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

Charles Wells Moulton:
A Year Book of Kentucky Woods and Fields. I. Crockett.

CHICAGO AND NEW YORK.

Rand, McNally and Company:
Moore's Meteorological Almanac and Weather Guide. Prof. W. L. Moore.

SYDNEY, N. S. W.

W. Dymock Book Arcade:
Six Months in the East. M. A. Terry.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Harvard University:
The Harvard University Catalogue, 1900-1901.

VIRGINIA.

Sidney Ernest Bradshaw:
On Southern Poetry Prior to 1860. S. E. Bradshaw.

DETROIT, MICH.

American Publishing Company:
Le Roman d'Une Pussie Chat. Frederick Rogers, D.C.L.

LONDON, ENG.

T. Fisher Unwin:
Canadian Camp Life. Frances E. Herring.

PARIS.

Librairie Academique Perrin et Cie:
Études de Littérature Contemporaine. Georges Pellissier.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand as sold between December 1, 1900, to January 1, 1901.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns mentioned.

NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
3. Romance of L'Aiglon. Carolus. (Brentano.) 50 cents.
4. Eleanor. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Master Christian. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. Richard Yea and Nay. Hewlett. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

NEW YORK, UPTOWN.

1. L'Aiglon. Rostand. (Brentano.) $1.50.
2. The Romance of L'Aiglon. Carolus. (Brentano.) 50 cents.
3. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
4. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. In the Palace of the King. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Richard Yea and Nay. Hewlett. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

ALBANY, N. Y.

1. The Sky Pilot. Connor. (Revell.) $1.25.
2. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
3. In the Palace of the King. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Old Gentleman of the Black Stock. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. Wanted—A Matchmaker. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $2.00.

ATLANTA, GA.

1. Furnace of Earth. Rives. (Camelot Pub. Co.) $1.25.
2. Wanted—A Matchmaker. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $2.00.
3. The Old Gentleman of the Black Stock. Illustrated edition. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Cardinal's Snuff-Box. Harland. (Lane.) $1.50.

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BALTIMORE, MD.

1. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Monsieur Beaucaire. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
3. Eleanor. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Elizabeth and Her German Garden. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Wanted—A Matchmaker. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Cardinal's Snuff-Box. Harland. (Lane.) $1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Old Gentleman of the Black Stock. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Wanted—A Matchmaker. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $2.00.
4. Eleanor. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. In the Palace of the King. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Literary Friends and Acquaintance. Howells. (Harper.) $2.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. April Baby's Book of Tunes. Author of Elizabeth and Her German Garden. (Macmillan.) $1.50 net.
2. Life and Letters of Phillips Brooks. 2 vols. Allen. (Dutton.) $7.50 net.
3. Hidden Servants. Alexander. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
4. Monsieur Beaucaire. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
5. Eleanor. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Life of Francis Parkman. Farnham. (Little, Brown & Co.) $2.50.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
2. In the Palace of the King. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Eleanor. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Richard Yea and Nay. Hewlett. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Elizabeth and Her German Garden. (Macmillan.) $2.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. Joy of Captain Ribot. Valdés. (Brentano.) $1.25.
2. Literary Friends and Acquaintance. Howells. (Harper.) $2.50.
3. Napoleon. Rosebery. (Harper.) $3.00.
4. Wanted—A Matchmaker. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $2.00.
5. Stringtown on the Pike. Lloyd. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. Oriental Rugs. Mumford. (Scribner.) $7.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
3. In the Palace of the King. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Eleanor. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Uncanonised. Potter. (McClurg & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Master Christian. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

CINCINNATI, O.

1. Stringtown on the Pike. Lloyd. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. Eleanor. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
4. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. In the Palace of the King. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Cardinal's Snuff-Box. Harland. (Lane.) $1.50.

CLEVELAND, O.

1. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
2. In the Palace of the King. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Darlingtons. Peake. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Old Gentleman of the Black Stock. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Stringtown on the Pike. Lloyd. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. Wanted—A Matchmaker. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $2.00.

CLEVELAND, O.

1. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
2. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Eleanor. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Stringtown on the Pike. Lloyd. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. In the Palace of the King. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. House Behind the Cedars. Chesnutt. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.

DALLAS, TEX.

1. Eleanor. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. In the Palace of the King. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
4. Wanted—A Matchmaker. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $2.00.
5. Stringtown on the Pike. Lloyd. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Master Christian. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

DENVER, COL.

1. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
2. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. In the Palace of the King. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Elizabeth and Her German Garden. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Wanted—A Matchmaker. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $2.00.
6. Stringtown on the Pike. Lloyd. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

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DETROIT, MICH.

1. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
2. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Eleanor. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Master Christian. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. Stringtown on the Pike. Lloyd. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. Napoleon. Rosebery. (Harper.) $3.00.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Home Folks. Riley. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.25.
3. Stringtown on the Pike. Lloyd. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Redemption of David Corson. Goss. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Uncanonised. Potter. (McClurg & Co.) $1.50.
6. Monsieur Beaucaire. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. Tommy and Grizel. Barrie. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
4. In the Palace of the King. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Old Gentleman of the Black Stock. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Eleanor. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. Tommy and Grizel. Barrie. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Cardinal's Snuff-Box. Harland. (Lane.) $1.50.
3. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
4. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Richard Yea and Nay. Hewlett. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Stringtown on the Pike. Lloyd. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. Stringtown on the Pike. Lloyd. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Crittenden. Fox. (Harper.) $1.25.
4. Monsieur Beaucaire. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
5. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Mantle of Elijah. Zangwill. (Harper.) $1.50.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

1. In the Palace of the King. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
4. L'Aiglon. Rostand. (Russell.) $1.50.
5. Robert Orange. Hobbes. (Stokes.) $1.50.
6. The Cardinal's Snuff-Box. Harland. (Lane.) $1.50.

MONTREAL, CANADA.

1. The Great Boer War. Doyle. (Morang.) $1.50.
2. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Poole Pub. Co.) Paper, 75 cents; cloth, $1.25.
3. Wanted—A Matchmaker. Ford. (Copp-Clark Co.) $2.00.
4. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Briggs.) Paper, 75 cents; cloth, $1.25.
5. Winsome Womanhood. Sangster. (Revell Co.) $1.25.
6. The Cardinal's Snuff-Box. Harland. (McLeod.) Paper, 75 cents; cloth, $1.50.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

1. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
2. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Eleanor. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Old Gentleman of the Black Stock. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. In the Palace of the King. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Friendly Year. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.25.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. The Old Gentleman of the Black Stock. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Monsieur Beaucaire. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
4. The Master Christian. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. Wanted—A Matchmaker. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $2.00.
6. The Mantle of Elijah. Zangwill. (Harper.) $1.50.

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. Wanted—A Matchmaker. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $2.00.
2. Eleanor. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50 and $3.00.
3. The Old Gentleman of the Black Stock. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. In the Palace of the King. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
6. Americans. Gibson. (Russell.) $5.00.

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. McLoughlin and Old Oregon. Dye. (McClurg.) $1.50.
2. Stories of Oregon. Dye. (Whitaker & Ray Co.) 60 cents.
3. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
4. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
5. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. Reign of Law. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

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PROVIDENCE, R. I.

1. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
2. Wanted—A Matchmaker. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $2.00.
3. The Cardinal's Snuff-Box. Harland. (Lane.) $1.50.
4. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Tommy and Grizel. Barrie. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Eleanor. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
2. Eleanor. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Lucid Intervals. Martin. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. The Master Christian. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. Philip Winwood. Stephens. (Page.) $1.50.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
3. In the Palace of the King. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. L'Aiglon. Rostand. (Russell.) $1.50.
5. The Cardinal's Snuff-Box. Harland. (Lane.) $1.50.
6. Songs from Bohemia. O'Connell.* (A. M. Robertson.) $1.50.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
2. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Eleanor. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Cardinal's Snuff-Box. Harland. (Lane.) $1.50.
5. Wanted—A Matchmaker. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $2.00.
6. In the Palace of the King. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
2. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Eleanor. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Tommy and Grizel. Barrie. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Richard Yea and Nay. Hewlett. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Wanted—A Matchmaker. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $2.00.

TOLEDO, O.

1. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
2. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. In the Palace of the King. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50 and $2.00.

*Local author.

5. Eleanor. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. When Knighthood Was in Flower. Major. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

TORONTO, CANADA.

1. The Cardinal's Snuff-Box. Harland. (McLeod.) $1.50.
2. In the Palace of the King. Crawford. (Copp-Clark Co.) $1.25.
3. Wanted—A Matchmaker. Ford. (Copp-Clark Co.) $2.00.
4. Mooswa. Fraser. (Briggs.) $1.50.
5. A Woman Tenderfoot. Thompson. (Morang.) $2.00.
6. Wild Animals I Have Known. Thompson. (Morang.) $2.00.

TUCSON, ARIZ.

1. When Knighthood Was in Flower. Major. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. The Redemption of David Corson. Goss. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The Reign of Law. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
5. Unleavened Bread. Grant. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Eleanor. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. Eleanor. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
3. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. The Cardinal's Snuff-Box. Harland. (Lane.) $1.50.
5. L'Aiglon. Rostand. (Russell.) $1.50.
6. Richard Yea and Nay. Hewlett. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. Monsieur Beaucaire. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
2. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. In the Palace of the King. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Romance of L'Aiglon. Carolus. (Brentano.) 50 cents.
5. Elizabeth and Her German Garden. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
6. The Old Gentleman of the Black Stock. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.

BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

1. Eben Holden. Bacheller. Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
   Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Eleanor. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. In the Palace of the King. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Wanted—A Matchmaker. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $2.00.
6. Stringtown on the Pike. Lloyd. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

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